

QP

37

.C697

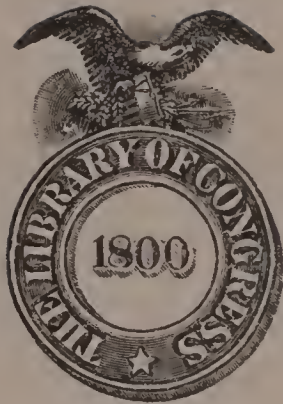
CBN BRNCH

GenColl



# HAPPY HEALTH STORIES

MILDRED H. COMFORT



Class QP 37

Book 10297

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**











THE RIGHT START: A GOOD BREAKFAST

# HAPPY HEALTH STORIES

BY  
MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

Author of  
PETER AND NANCY IN EUROPE

Illustrated by  
LUDWIG and REGINA



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY  
CHICAGO

219342

GP37  
C697

*Dedicated to  
Jimmie and Nancy*

COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY  
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

---

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

©ClA 71261

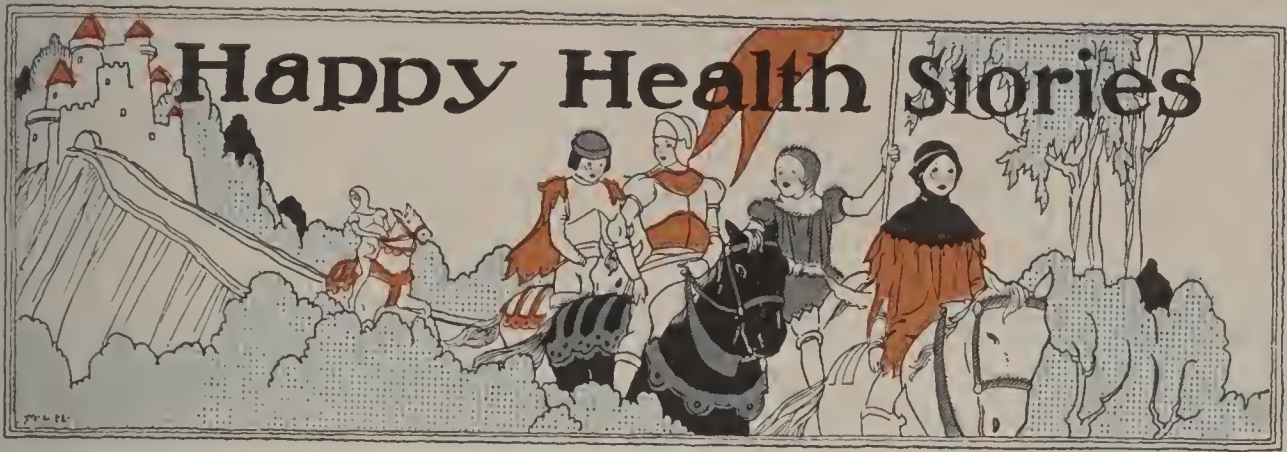
APR 10 1934



# The Stories

	PAGE
The Right Start . . . . .	9
The Kindly Hen . . . . .	16
“Raw! Raw! Raw!” . . . . .	22
Crusty . . . . .	29
Clinkers . . . . .	37
Peelings . . . . .	45
Recess and the Body Builder . . . . .	52
Frosty . . . . .	57
The Strong Friend . . . . .	63
The Surprising Soup . . . . .	69
Little Butter Ball . . . . .	75
The Circus Drinks . . . . .	81
The Small Tiger . . . . .	87
Rough Stuff . . . . .	93
The Stomach Brush . . . . .	99
Just Desserts . . . . .	105
King Water . . . . .	112
The Nutcracker Boy . . . . .	118
Drinking Street . . . . .	124

	PAGE
The Magic Iron Men . . . . .	130
The Queer Vita-Mins . . . . .	134
Too Much Steam . . . . .	140
The Vegetable Rivals . . . . .	147
The Health Crusade . . . . .	153
About the Book . . . . .	160



## To Every Child

This book is written for all children who wish to be healthy and happy.

Perhaps you never saw a vegetable-fed tiger or a little Butter Ball or a Vita-Min mother, but you'll find them living in Happy Health Stories.

You might like to learn what the cow means when she says "moo," or what the lima beans are trying to tell you when the wind rustles their leaves. You'll find it all in Happy Health Stories.

And after you've read your little book you'll make good use of the things you have learned, I'm sure of that. How happy I should be if each one of you became a Knight or a Lady in the Health Crusade!

THE AUTHOR



## THE RIGHT START

The birds sang cheerily in the apple tree outside the children's windows. The delicate fragrance of the blossoms blew through the wavy curtains.

"Time to get up, children!" Mother called. "You know what a right start means."

They *did* know. Betty remembered the morning she had snuggled down a little too long. She had not had time to eat anything but a bit of toast, and she had eaten that on the run. Nothing had gone right that morning. There was a queer, gone feeling at the pit of her stomach that would not let her study. She had felt peevish, too, and had been cross to her chum. It was all because she had not made a right start.

Jimmie, too, remembered the morning he had snuggled down for one more doze. He had picked up a piece of coffee cake for his breakfast. Nothing had gone right for *him* that morning. His stomach had felt so out-of-sorts that he could not figure out his arithmetic problems. All he could think of



was the good, wholesome cereal he might have had if he had left his bed when Mother called.

Now, with the sun shining and the birds singing, Betty sprang out of her comfortable bed. On the porch outside, Jimmie rolled out of his. They dressed themselves, brushed their teeth, washed their faces and hands, and combed their hair.

Their faces were shining with happiness when they came to the table.

"O Mother," Betty exclaimed, "you have a model breakfast, just like the one we have pictures of in school."

"Yes, so it is," Jimmie cried. "Half an orange for each of us, oatmeal with milk, toasted whole-wheat bread, sweet butter, and milk. Mm—mm! Mm—mm!"

While the children were eating their oatmeal, Billy and his sister Gladys stopped in to call for them.

"Glad we don't have to eat oatmeal," Billy bragged. "Sometimes we don't have to eat any breakfast food, but most of the time it's the crispy, cold kind."

"Miss Brown says we should have a warm cereal," Gladys offered, "but I get tired of oatmeal. I wish I liked it better, because it warms you on the inside just like sunshine warms you on the outside."

"We don't always have oatmeal," Betty spoke up, as she buttered her whole-wheat toast. "Mother gives us steamed whole wheat sometimes. We often have a good, cooked, rye cereal. In the winter time there's corn-meal mush. Grandpa says it heats you up as well as a stove."

"I like the hot barley cereal best," Jimmie added.

"I'm going to tell Mother about the different hot cereals," Billy said. "Your oatmeal looks good after all."

"Sit up and have a dish," Mother invited.

It was surprising how quickly the invitation was accepted. And Billy and Gladys left their blue bowls empty. They looked as happy as Jimmie and Betty when they started off to school.

Miss Brown returned their sunny smiles as she exclaimed, "It looks as though we'd have quite a few people in King Health's castle this morning."

When the time came for the outdoor games, Miss Brown asked, "How many brushed their teeth this morning? All those who have done so may enter King Health's doors."

Miss Brown had drawn a line on the playground to indicate the door. All the children ran to the line.

"How many ate fruit this morning?" she inquired.

The fruit eaters ran to the next line, which was King Health's entrance hall. Beyond were the swings and slides.

"Now for the main hall!" cried Miss Brown. "The test is long and hard. Try to remember. Here are the questions:

" 'How many drank four glasses of water since this time yesterday?

" 'How many of you ate at least one vegetable besides potatoes?

" 'How many of you drank at least three glasses of milk since this time yesterday?

" 'How many spent most of the hours after school out-of-doors?

“ ‘How about baths? Did you have two baths this past week with warm water and soap?

“ ‘How many slept all night with the window open?’ ”

“I did better than that,” Jimmie put in. “I slept on the porch, where there are no windows at all.”

Miss Brown laughed and so did the children.

“And now the last and most important question!” Miss Brown paused for a moment. “How many made the right start this morning by eating a hot, cooked cereal for breakfast?”

There was a good deal of talking among the children about these things.

“Just a moment,” Miss Brown said. “All those who can answer, ‘I did,’ to each of my questions may enter King Health’s castle.”

Such a wild scramble for slides and swings! Such merry laughter! Those who could not enter gathered around the sand table, promising themselves that next time they would remember the Good Health rules.

“Aren’t we lucky!” cried Betty to Jimmie as she slid down the long slide.





DOWN THE LONG SLIDE FLEW BETTY!

“Lucky?” Jimmie asked. “We’re sensible, if you ask me.”

“Glad we stopped at your house this morning,” said Billy, grinning. “That’s the way I came to be in the castle.”

“After this,” Gladys promised, “I’m going to eat a cooked, warm cereal every day. It makes me feel so well.”

“Oatmeal ‘sticks to your ribs’ the longest,” said Jimmie. “Steamed whole wheat and corn meal are both good.”

“Yes,” added Betty, “but you will enjoy the rye and barley cereals now and then for a change.”



## A Little Play

How would you like to make THE RIGHT START into a little play? There will be six characters and as many extra children as you wish. Plan on two scenes and use the words in the story.

Here are the characters:

Mother	Jimmie	Gladys
Betty	Billy	Miss Brown.

Scene 1. *The kitchen in the home of Jimmie and Betty.* All you will need will be a table, four chairs and four cereal bowls. Perhaps the little girl who plays Betty could bring her doll dishes. Would you really need cereal? or could you just pretend?

Begin by having Betty enter with Jimmie while Mother busies herself at the table. End the scene with the four children starting off to school.

Scene II. *The School Playground.* If you must play indoors, mark off the rooms of King Health's Castle with chalk. If you play outdoors, mark the rooms off with a stick.

## THE KINDLY HEN

Jimmie and Betty watched Grandpa's wagon until it disappeared in the dust down the road. Grandpa and Grandma had gone to town. The men were making hay in the fields. No one was at home but Gretchen, the maid, and she was busy in the kitchen.

"Cut, cut! Ca-tah cut! Cut, cut, cut!"

"Old hens!" Betty scolded. "If it weren't for those noisy old hens, we could have gone to town. They make me tired. I wonder what that loud cackling is about."

"A hen bragging because she has laid an egg," Jimmie said. "As if *that* were so wonderful!"

"Well, she's telling the world about it," Betty sighed. "Usually I like the hens and I like to gather the eggs and deliver them. But not to-day! It's so warm, and I did want to go to town."

Half an hour later, however, Betty was laughing as she shooed a startled hen from her nest in the sweet hay in the barn. In the coop Jimmie was



“CUT, CUT! CA-TAH CUT! CUT, CUT, CUT!”

placing each of the new-laid eggs carefully in the basket Gretchen had given him. When Betty added those she had found, there would be plenty to fill the orders for the Country Hospital, for Doctor Platt and for Mrs. Henderson, who was taking care of her sister's three delicate city children.

It was only a short walk to the Country Hospital. A pleasant woman with a starched cap met the children at the door. She beamed when she saw the fresh eggs.

"What would we do without the kindly hen?" she exclaimed. "There is no natural food that has so much nourishment in so small a space."

"I'd never thought of that," said Betty.

"Hadn't you, indeed, dear?" the nurse said. "Why, eggs have often saved my patients' lives. I've served them coddled, poached, in eggnogs and in custards. I can always find a way they like them."

The children walked more thoughtfully toward Doctor Platt's. The white-haired doctor had just finished making his calls and was working busily in his garden.

"Hello, there!" he called, when he saw Jimmie and Betty with their basket. "What have we here? Oh, eggs! What would we do without the kindly hen?"

"That's exactly what the nurse said at the Country Hospital," Jimmie remarked.

"Well, she knew what she was talking about," the doctor said.

"What's an egg made of, Doctor?" Betty asked.

"Sit down on the bench, children," Doctor Platt



invited, "and I'll try to tell you. First, there's the white of the egg. In school you call it—"

"Albumin," supplied Jimmie.

"Good!" cried the doctor. "The albumin is protein, the same as meat. The yolk contains protein, too, as well as fat, and some valuable mineral salts. Eggs may well take the place of both lean and fat meats."

"Grandma serves them lots of times in place of meat," Betty offered.

"She's a wise grandma," said Doctor Platt.

"Well," declared Jimmie, as they left the doctor's garden, "the old hen wasn't so far wrong after all, was she?"

"No wonder she boasted about what she could do," Betty said.

Mrs. Henderson seemed as pleased with the eggs as the nurse and the doctor had been.

"I promised the children custard for supper," she said, when she saw Jimmie and Betty at the back door. "They must have nourishing and digestible desserts. Oh, what would we do without the kindly hen?"



Both Betty and Jimmie burst into laughter.

"That's just what the nurse at the hospital said," Betty explained.

"And it's just what Doctor Platt said," Jimmie added.

Two little girls and a little boy appeared behind Mrs. Henderson.

"I like fresh eggs," one of the little girls said.

"Where do you get them?" asked the other little girl.

"From the kindly hen," Betty answered.

"Wish I could see the hens!" the little boy cried.

"What do they say?"

"Cut, cut! Ca-tah cut! Cut, cut, cut!" mimicked Jimmie.

"And what does it mean?" inquired the little boy.

"It means," answered Betty soberly, looking around at the children, "here's the most food in the least space in the very best form."

## The Three Talks

Can you imitate the hen by saying, "Cut, cut! Ca-tah cut! Cut, cut, cut!"? What do you suppose she really is saying?

Suppose you act out the talks Jimmie and Betty had with the three people in the story. Use the same words.

First Talk. *The talk with the Nurse.* Could you make a paper cap like a nurse's cap? Have you a white apron to wear with it? Perhaps you could make a little paper apron, too, of paper napkins.

Second Talk. *The talk with the Doctor.* If you haven't spectacles, could you make some of wire? You must look very wise if you are going to play doctor!

Third Talk. *The talk with Mrs. Henderson and the two little girls and the one little boy who live with her.* Mrs. Henderson would have smoothly combed hair, and she would wear a big apron over her neat dress. She would be motherly-looking.

## “RAW! RAW! RAW!”

The boys were playing ball. Betty watched them from the side lines. She did hope that her brother Jimmie would be chosen for the team. Just one new place to fill!

Her serious face became sober indeed when Jimmie walked slowly toward her. He was drawing on his sweater.

“Oh, didn’t they choose you, Jimmie?” she asked.

“Nope!” replied her brother, whistling as if he didn’t care.

“Whom did they choose?” Betty asked.

“That boy over there, the tall one with the dark hair and red cheeks. He’s chewing a raw carrot. Bob’s his name.”

It was not hard to pick out the winner. He *looked* like a winner. He was so straight and sturdy that Betty could not help admiring him. Besides, he had strong-looking white teeth. They crunched and crunched the carrot and made you wish you had a raw carrot, too!

“Well,” Betty observed, “he looks as if he’d help the school win.”

“He’s a good sport, too,” Jimmie admitted. “He said maybe they could use me for an extra player. He told me to come over to his house after practice and he’d give me some tips on my wind.”

“I’ll go with you,” Betty offered. “Maybe I’ll get some tips, too. The girls are going to have a track team.”

“All right,” Jimmie agreed. “Come along, if you like.”

As soon as the boys had finished practicing, Bob called to Jimmie. The two boys started up the road with Betty between them. Bob talked all the way home.

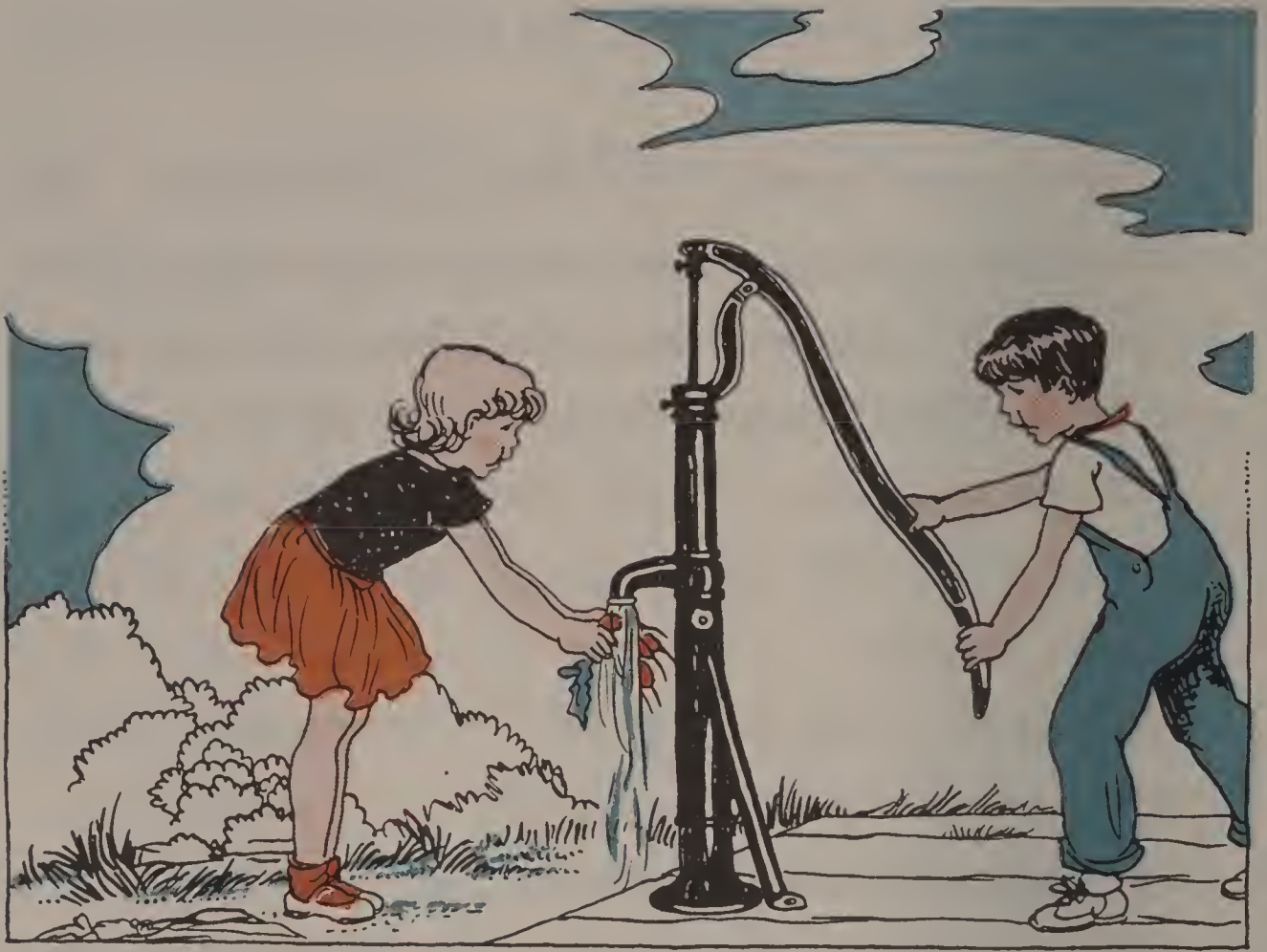
“My father’s a dentist,” he told them, “and he says that if we’d eat more raw food, we’d have better teeth and better stomachs.”

“And better wind, too, I suppose,” Jimmie remarked.

“Yes, and better wind,” Bob agreed.

They had reached Bob’s garden patch. Bob pulled up a few radishes, a carrot here and there, and





### THEY WASHED OFF THE VEGETABLES

at last a stalk of celery about which the moist, dark straw was piled to bleach it. Betty and Jimmie watched him with great interest.

Bob took the vegetables over to the pump.

“Let me work it,” Jimmie begged.

While Jimmie worked the handle up and down, Betty held the vegetables under the running water. Bob, in the meantime, had climbed the crab-apple tree and returned with his pockets full of firm,



red crab apples. Then he clambered up a ladder to a shed roof where hazelnuts were ripening in the sun.

Next he ran to the house for a basket and returned to pack the vegetables in it, with the apples and nuts on top.

“Here you are!” he said, handing the basket to Jimmie.

“Thank you!” Jimmie said, and Betty added, “Thank you, but you haven’t given us the ‘tips.’”

“The ‘tips’ are in the basket,” Bob laughed.

“You mean—?” Jimmie asked, puzzled.

“I mean my tip for feeling fine is to eat raw food,” Bob said. “If you’re hungry between meals, eat an apple, an orange or a pear, or even a crisp, raw vegetable like carrots or celery, instead of a candy bar.”

“It would be much cheaper,” Jimmie said, thinking of all the nickels he had spent for candy bars.

“We could save enough to buy a handball for ourselves, couldn’t we, Jimmie?” Betty cried. She, too, was thinking of the nickels she had spent on sweets.



### BETTY WAS AHEAD OF ALL THE REST

“You’ll be surprised how good old Dame Nature’s food tastes, too,” Bob offered, “and it’ll surely help your wind.”

As Jimmie and Betty walked toward home, they nibbled on the fresh, crisp vegetables. Their teeth crunched and crunched.

“Funny,” said Jimmie, “but I’m just as hungry for supper as ever. I never was when I ate candy bars.”

A few weeks later Bob’s two friends were as busy as he, running and jumping and getting ready for the final games.

As Jimmie came down the stretch on the play-

ground, he ran faster than any of his classmates. Bob yelled, “ ’Rah! ’Rah! ’Rah! ’Rah for Jimmie!”

Later, while Jimmie and Bob both watched, Betty came tearing down the stretch, ahead of all the rest.

With one voice the boys shouted, “ ’Rah! ’Rah! ’Rah! ’Rah for Betty!”

Betty’s eyes were shining when she ran over to them.

“You really should yell, ‘Raw! Raw! Raw!’ ” she said.

Because they both understood what she meant, Jimmie and Bob laughed heartily with Betty.

## The Raw Fruit and Vegetable Game

Let us all stand in a circle. The leader stands in the center. He says, "Radishes (or some other "raw" vegetable) are a good vegetable to eat raw."

Then he points to some one in the circle and says, "Name a fruit that is eaten raw."

The one chosen declares, "Grapes (or any other raw fruit) are a good fruit to eat raw."

The leader takes the place of the one he has pointed out, and the chosen one takes the place as leader. Then this new leader says, "Celery (or some other vegetable) is very good to eat raw." He now points to another who must respond with the name of a raw fruit.

Names of fruits and vegetables that are eaten raw alternate.

If any one fails to name a new fruit or vegetable that is eaten raw, he must sit down. The last one left standing is the winner of the game.

If you try to think of all the fruits and vegetables eaten raw that you know before beginning the game, you will be most apt to win.



## CRUSTY

“Pst! Pst!”

Where did that odd sound come from? Betty, playing with her dolls under the gnarled oak tree, raised her head to listen.

“Pst! Pst!”

The sound came again, this time from behind the barn. Betty rose, whirled about, and dropped her dolls as Jimmie beckoned.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, as she ran toward him. “What are you doing back here?”

“Grandma said she’d call me as soon as Crusty arrived,” Jimmie explained. “To tell you the truth, I’m hiding.”

“I don’t blame you.” Betty agreed with Jimmie this time. “Anybody that has the nickname of Crusty can’t be very pleasant to play with. Just because Mrs. Bruce has been kind to Grandma is no reason why we should be so nice to her cross little boy. I suppose we ought to wait for him, but—”



BETTY FOLLOWED JIMMIE DOWN THE PATH

“Wait for Crusty?” Jimmie cried. “And spoil our whole afternoon? Let’s pick berries.”

Betty looked at the shiny pails hanging over Jimmie’s arm.

“That’s a good idea,” she said and followed her brother down the path behind the barn toward the shady woods. Never once did she look back.

Jimmie and Betty did not feel exactly happy. Grandma had been very kind to them and this was the first favor she had asked. If only the little boy had not been named *Crusty*!

“I have half a mind to go back,” Betty said,

after she had picked a pailful of ripe berries.

“So have I,” Jimmie agreed. “I shouldn’t have run away—Crusty or no Crusty!”

Just at that moment the children heard a cheery “Hello!” from the direction of the bushes. Brother and sister both squinted to see more clearly. It did look queer, but at first all they could catch was a glimpse of a smiling mouth with white teeth. Then, when they shaded their eyes with their hands, they saw a pair of happy brown eyes back of the lacy branches.

“Hello! Hello!” Jimmie and Betty returned the cheery greeting.

At that the boy with the smiling mouth and happy brown eyes scrambled down the bank and in a moment was beside them in the road. He was barefooted and dressed in overalls. In one hand he carried a covered basket.

“How’s the berrying?” he inquired.

“Fine!” Jimmie replied and showed the boy the berries he had picked. Betty offered her pail with an invitation to help himself.

“Thanks!” said the boy, “but I’ve been eating





THE CHILDREN HEARD A CHEERY "HELLO!"



plenty on the way. What's your name? and yours?"

"Jimmie's my name," said Jimmie, "and this is my sister Betty."

"Good!" said the boy. "I'm Ned."

"What's in your basket?" Jimmie asked curiously.

"Lunch," was the reply. "There's plenty for three. Come on. I know a better place than this to gather berries."

Such a merry time as they did have! No matter how steep the hillside or how prickly the berry bushes, the boy never complained. He helped Betty up the steep places and made a bridge of rocks across a shallow brook so that the children would not get their shoes wet.

When the sun was high in the sky, Ned opened his lunch basket. There was roast country chicken and well-baked bread, spread with sweet butter. There were crisp radishes and salt in a paper sack. For dessert the children found red apples and little ginger cakes.

It was not until they had eaten every bit of



"WHY DO THEY CALL YOU CRUSTY?"

Ned's lunch that Betty looked suddenly startled.

"Oh," she cried, "Grandma will be worried! She'll expect us back by noon."

"Oh, no, she won't," Ned said. "I stopped there first. She said if I found you it would be all right."

"Did she say 'All right'?" Jimmie's face was red. "Wel-l, I—I was supposed to stay home and play with Crusty."

"Why, I'm Crusty," Ned said. "I thought you knew. My name is Ned Bruce, but they call me Crusty."

"Why—why do they call you Crusty?" Betty stammered. "You aren't one bit disagreeable."

"They call me Crusty because I like crusty bread so well," Ned explained.

"Is that what makes your teeth so firm and white," Jimmie asked, "and you so cheerful?"

Ned blushed and said, "That's what the school dentist says. He says using your jaws to chew your food helps your teeth and your stomach and your disposition, too."



## An Out-of-Door Play

The story of Crusty could be made into a little out-of-door play. If you can't play it out-of-doors, draw a picture of some trees on the blackboard and sit beneath it.

This play will need two scenes and just three children to play it.

The first scene is under a big oak tree. Betty is playing with her dolls. She hears a sound, "Pst! Pst!"

From this point on, act the story just as it is told. The first scene ends when the new boy offers to show Jimmie and Betty a better place to gather berries.

The second scene, which is very short, shows the three children resting under a tree after eating lunch. Begin the scene when Betty says she is afraid Grandma will be worried if they do not return to the house by noon. Close the scene just as it is closed in the story.

Who was Crusty? Have you some one in your school who could play his part well?



## CLINKERS

The furnace man had been called to see why the fire didn't draw. The weather was cold and clear, and the fire should have burned brightly. There was plenty of coal. There was plenty of draft. There was plenty of room in the fire pot for a good hot fire.

But for some reason the fire did not burn well.

Jimmie and Betty, building a snow man in the yard, ran to meet the furnace man. He had a little boy with him, a thin little boy whose nose was blue with cold.

"Hello!" Jimmie greeted the boy. "What's your name? Want to play with us? Know how to make a snow man?"

"I'm Herman, but they call me Stuffy," offered the little boy. "No, I don't want to play outdoors. It's too cold to make snow men."

"Stuffy!" Betty exclaimed. "Why do they call you Stuffy? You don't look a bit as if you were stuffed."

"No," Jimmie agreed. "You are not a fat boy, Herman, or even a plump one."

"They call me Stuffy because I'm always stuffing myself, I suppose," Herman explained. "I like lunches. 'Most all the time I'm eating."

Cold as it was, Herman reached in his pocket and brought out a great piece of yellow cake which he began to eat.

"Why aren't you strong and plump, Stuffy?" Jimmie asked. "Why aren't your cheeks red? Why—"

"We're fairly starved every meal," Betty put in. "We aren't allowed to lunch except to have milk at recess in the morning and a piece of whole-wheat bread and butter and an apple after school."

"I'm never hungry at mealtime," Herman said. "I can eat hardly anything then."

Just then the furnace man came up out of the cellar.

"What was the matter with the fire?" Jimmie inquired of him.

"Clinkers," was all the furnace man said. "Better play here a while, Herman. The next stop is a long walk. Too long for you."

"All right," Herman agreed, but sat down shivering. He still nibbled at his cake, not as though he enjoyed it, but as though chewing at something was a habit.

"Get up and run around and warm up," Jimmie advised. "Here's our dog, Shep. Down, Shep! Oh, he's gobbled up your cake!"

The collie jumped about and barked, nosing Herman for more cake.

"Oh, but he's a fine dog!" Herman exclaimed, and reached in first one pocket and then another. "Here's a piece of candy. How high he can jump! Here's the rest of a meat sandwich. No more, Shep! That's all I have."

"Oh, I almost forgot," Jimmie exclaimed all of a sudden. "I promised Grandma I'd bring the yarn out to her that she left here yesterday. Want to go along, Stuffy?"

"You'll like Grandma's," Betty said. "It's right on the edge of town and almost like a farm."

"If you're going to take the dog," Stuffy said, "I'd like to go."

The walks were packed with firm, white snow.



## THE COLLIE WANTED MORE CAKE

The children's feet crunched and squeaked pleasantly.

The dog jumped about them and chased here and there.

"Must be getting warmer," Stuffy remarked.

"It's *you* who are getting warmer," Betty declared.

"Some of your food is doing you some good now. It's burning up like a coal instead of staying in your stomach, like a clinker in a furnace."

"Burning up?" asked Stuffy in surprise.

"Sure," put in Jimmie. "Food is fuel. You know



that maybe, even with all your lunches, you aren't getting enough of the kind that burns well."

"I don't eat much at mealtime," Stuffy admitted.

"The doctor who visits us at school," Betty offered, "said that the underweight and undernourished children were those that lunched."

"I wonder why," asked Stuffy.

"Too much fuel would choke the fire," Jimmie remarked.

"Yes, that's so," agreed Stuffy. "I'm not going to lunch between meals after this. At least not unless I'm very, very hungry. Well, I'm hungry right now."

"You just think you are," Jimmie laughed.

"You'll have to wait until noon," Betty said.

And wait Stuffy did. When Grandma served the noon meal, Stuffy for once had his share of wholesome food and what's more, enjoyed his food at mealtime.

"No more between-meal lunches for me after this!" Stuffy promised Betty and Jimmie.

And this time he really meant it.



“NO MORE BETWEEN-MEALS LUNCHES FOR ME!”

But old habits are hard to break. After the first mile on the way home, Stuffy began to complain.

“Wish I hadn’t fed my candy to your dog,” he grumbled.

“You don’t need candy after Grandma’s good bread pudding,” Betty said, smiling.

The air was fresh and bracing. But Stuffy could enjoy neither the delightful cold nor the fairylike woods with their beautiful snow.

“Your dog gobbled up my cake,” he reminded his new friends. “And I’m hungry enough right now to finish that sandwich I gave him.”

"I'm glad Shep ate it," Jimmie declared, stoutly. "You're not really hungry. You only think you are."

"It's just because you eat between meals that you want to lunch now," said Betty. "We don't feel hungry because we always eat more at mealtime."

"Yes," added Jimmie, "and the good meal, with hot meat and fresh vegetables, bread and butter, with milk to drink, and dessert, is enough to last for hours."

"I know," said Stuffy. "And I enjoyed every mouthful because I was hungry."

"That was because Shep stole your sandwich!" laughed Jimmie.

Stuffy sighed, but he knew Jimmie was right.

## Stuffy's Bad Habit

What are clinkers? What do they do to a fire? Why are extra lunches for children like clinkers in a furnace?

Was Stuffy a good name for Herman? What did he have in his pockets?

Why did it seem to Herman that it was getting warmer as he walked along the country road? Has such a thing ever happened to you?

Can you explain how it was that Herman didn't really get enough to eat even though he had so many lunches?

Let's act out the very last little scene on the road home. Begin with Stuffy's saying, "Wish I hadn't fed my candy to your dog." All you will need for this scene will be winter wraps. If you can't play it outdoors, suppose you draw a snow scene on the blackboard and act the little scene in front of it. If we haven't scenery, we can make it, can't we?

Why was Stuffy's habit so hard to break?

Do you think he really would stop eating between meals?



## PEELINGS

As the garbage boy came down the walk from Arnold's house, he met Jimmie and Betty. Both were busily eating bright red apples.

"No chance of finding apple peelings in *your* garbage can!" he said, in his jolly voice. "I see you eat them."

"Doesn't everybody eat apples with the peelings on?" Betty asked.

"I don't like peeled apples," Jimmie remarked and bit again into the firm, red cheek of his apple.

"Say," said the garbage boy, "you ought to see the cans all full of bright red peelings and thick potato parings and even pieces of radishes and celery."

"We often have potatoes cooked with the jackets on," Betty said. "Mother says the best part is next the skin."

"Sometimes we even eat the skins of baked potatoes," Jimmie added. "They're roughage, our teacher says."



“NO APPLE PEELINGS IN YOUR GARBAGE CAN!”

Arnold, a pale, slender boy, came along just as the garbage boy was carrying the last pail out to his wagon. Arnold sat down sadly on the steps.

“What’s the matter?” asked the garbage boy.

“What’s the matter?” inquired Betty and Jimmie.

“I don’t feel very peppy,” Arnold complained. “I’d like to play and tramp in the woods, but I’m too tired.”

“If your garbage pails were lighter, your smile

would be brighter,” laughed the garbage boy, and went on his way.

“What nonsense he talks!” Arnold grumbled.

“It isn’t nonsense,” Jimmy said.

“No, really, it isn’t nonsense,” Betty agreed. “My Grandpa has told us a lot about peelings. Won’t you come out to Grandpa’s farm with us?”

“Peelings! Peelings! Peelings!” Arnold pouted. “Why should I learn about peelings? But I would like to go.”

Jimmie and Betty wisely said no more about peelings. When Grandpa drove in after lunch with his big team, they asked him if they might invite Arnold for a week or two. Grandpa said he would be glad to have one of the children’s friends as a guest.

However, when Grandpa saw Arnold, he looked rather sober. He was very kind to the pale little boy and let him sit beside him on the wagon seat.

“What makes the horses so strong?” asked Arnold. “Oats?”

“Yes, all of the oat,” Grandpa replied.

“What do you mean?” Arnold asked.



"I mean," said Grandpa, "that every bit of the oat is good. Whole oats and whole wheat are both good. If the peeling is thrown away, the best part is lost."

"I never thought about wheat having peelings," Arnold said. "Just apples and potatoes."

"I suppose you know what the peeling of wheat is, don't you?" Grandpa asked.

"Surely!" Arnold replied. "It's bran." He was glad he knew.

"We used to feed the bran to the hogs," Grandpa said, "but we know better now. They were better fed than we ourselves. And I can remember when we used to give our apple peelings to the pigs."

"Well, we've been throwing ours in the garbage can," Arnold admitted. "I suppose that's worse than throwing it to the pigs."

"It surely is." Grandpa looked at Arnold in kindly fashion. "You're a wise boy, if you will only practice what you know."

Out in the orchard Arnold found himself eating apples with Jimmie and Betty, never once thinking of a knife. At the table he ate Grandma's



whole-wheat bread and said, "I like the taste of this bread."

"That's because the cook puts all the wheat in—even the bran," Jimmie spoke up.

"Yes, the bran is the wheat's peeling," Betty remarked.

It was not long before Arnold could take long walks through the woods with Jimmie and Betty. He gathered nuts and even brought up great pails of water cress from the brook for Grandma.

When the day came for Arnold to return to town with Jimmie and Betty, he was bright and cheery.

"You can tell you've been on a vacation," observed Jimmie.

"I never saw you smile so much," Betty said.

A wide grin spread over Arnold's face.

"It must be the peelings," he admitted. "After this you will never see the garbage boy grumbling over the amount of peelings we throw away."

And they never did.

Soon Arnold was like a ray of sunshine in the house. He helped his mother brush the potatoes and carrots clean, but he knew better than to peel



ARNOLD BROUGHT PAILS OF WATER CRESS

them. He shouted with joy when he smelled the good whole-wheat bread baking. And, whenever he brought up a great pan of apples from the cellar, he polished them until they shone.

“Some peelings,” he declared, “are beautiful as well as useful.”

“The fruits are all beautiful,” said Betty. “And there is food value in the peel of many of them. We learned that in class.”

“Miss Brown says that we should eat fresh fruits such as apples and pears and plums, without peeling them,” added Jimmie. “I like them better that way. There is more flavor.”

## The Pale Little Boy

Act the first scene of PEELINGS either inside the school building or out-of-doors.

The characters are:

The Garbage Boy, in overalls and a cap

Jimmie

Betty

Arnold.

How does Arnold look? Let us hope that you haven't a pale little boy in your room. For the play perhaps your teacher will let you have a little white talcum powder to make one of the boys look pale.

Use the words of the story and carry the scene through to the point where Arnold decides to visit the farm.

For the second part of our story, suppose we have a monologue. Do you know what a monologue is? A monologue is a little talk acted out by one person.

Let Arnold sit down as though he were a guest, and listen politely while he tells you what he has learned about peelings and how he lost his pale cheeks and became red-cheeked and happy.

## RECESS AND THE BODY BUILDER

“Recess! Recess!” cried the joyful children, as they tumbled down the smooth steps and out into the sunshine. It was the middle of a bright fall morning. The games were very lively. By the time the recess bell rang again, everybody was hungry.

Miss Brown, the teacher, had set the milk bottles from the milkman’s case out on the table. From a package wrapped in oiled paper she took out the long, shiny straws that looked exactly like those at the soda fountains.

“Come, children!” she cried, and, as they gathered about her, asked, “Why are we drinking milk in the middle of the morning?”

“Because it’s too long to wait until lunch,” Edward, a tall slim boy, answered.

The children laughed, but Miss Brown said soberly, “Edward is right. It is too long to wait. Most of you are tired by half past ten, and the milk gives you new energy.” She was passing out the bottles to the children as she spoke.



"I believe I have the most wide-awake room in the school," she said. "How I wish we might be one hundred per cent milk drinkers! Some day perhaps we shall be."

Jimmie and Betty glanced at each other. They knew that Miss Brown's room would never be a room of one hundred per cent milk drinkers, while Tony felt as he did.

Tony, the new student, had laughed when Jimmie had said, on the way to school that morning, "Have you your milk money?"

"Milk money!" Tony had sneered. "Say, I have fifteen cents, but it's not going for milk. I'm going to have a soda and some candy."

Betty could not keep still, even though she knew Tony would make fun of what she said.

"Milk is good for your bones and teeth," she began, "and it has everything in it for general good health. You ought to drink it, Tony."

"Milk's for babies like you!" Tony remarked.

"It is not for babies alone!" Betty declared. "The football boys drink it and the men at the foundry and the girls in the big stores and—"

"Never mind, never mind," Tony put in. "I can grow up without school milk."

Betty could not resist one more word or two.

"Maybe you can," she agreed, "but you won't grow so big or be so strong."

While Miss Brown was passing out the bottles, Tony stood near. He wanted to see how this school milk business was run, anyway. Later he would go across the street to the confectionery store and have his soda and candy. He jingled the money in his pocket.

"I wonder," Miss Brown was saying, "if anyone can tell me the value of milk."

Now Tony had spent his vacation on his grandfather's farm and he had drunk milk with every meal. He had seen his grandfather's pamphlets from the University Farm School. Somehow Miss Brown's words seemed familiar.

"I know!" he cried, coming forward. "Milk is a body builder."

"Oh, it's Tony!" Miss Brown exclaimed. She was delighted to have this new, bright pupil.

"The milkman usually leaves one or two bottles



## IT WAS FUN DRINKING THROUGH A STRAW

extra,” she said as she looked over her table. “Yes, here’s one for you, Tony.”

“No, thanks,” replied Tony, backing away. “I drank milk all summer on the farm.”

“That’s why you look so strong. Milk makes muscle,” Miss Brown said. “You want to *keep* strong, don’t you?”

“Yes, of course,” Tony replied. “But I’d rather spend the money Grandpa gave me on soda and candy.”

“This milk is free to-day,” Miss Brown urged. “You may as well drink it. It’s an extra bottle. And here are graham crackers for everybody, both

for those who drink milk and those who do not.”

Tony took the bottle of cool, rich milk in his hands. It *did* taste good. Besides, it was fun drinking through a straw. Also, there was more pleasure drinking with others than in having a soda alone.

“Going over to the store now?” Jimmie asked when Tony had finished his milk.

“No!” Tony replied. “I feel just right. I’m not hungry.”

“There’s sugar in milk,” Betty said. “Milk sugar. And there’s fat, too.”

“I know there’s everything in it that’s good,” Tony admitted. “Well, here’s where my money goes to Miss Brown. I suppose milk is about the nicest thing I could have for recess.”

In a few days Tony had acquired the very good habit of milk drinking. Now he thought of recess not only as a time in which to exercise his legs but as a time in which to build his body. Recess had a double value.



## FROSTY

Jimmie's sturdy legs fairly flew over the grounds of the school yard. He was taking the short cut home. Betty's legs were shorter, and she had to run even faster than Jimmie to catch up with him. To her delight, he stopped suddenly in a little side street. Now she could slow down and catch her breath before he started on again.

But he did not start on again. He stood looking in at a window—so close that his nose pressed against the glass. What could he be staring at in the shop?

Betty called out, "Wait a minute, Jimmie!" But she need not have asked him to wait. He had no idea of leaving the window. In a few moments Betty was beside him, and she, too, was gazing in the window, her nose pressed hard against the glass.

It was small wonder that Jimmie and Betty were interested. The little room was full of tables. On each table were cakes of all shapes and sizes. A boy, with his back to them, held a big bowl of

frosting under his arm and was spreading the rich, thick mass on the cakes, one after another. Jimmie smacked his lips, and Betty mumbled, "Mm—mm!"

"Wish I were that boy!" Jimmie sighed. "Wish I were that boy!"

He said it over and over.

"He seems to need help," Betty spoke up. "Maybe he'd let us help him. Mother said we could play for an hour after school."

"What a good idea!" cried Jimmie. "Let's ask him."

Brother and sister walked quickly around to the back door and knocked. No one answered. They knocked again. They waited for an answer. Then they pounded as loudly as they could.

"Keep still!" shouted the crossdest voice the children had ever heard. "Stop bothering!"

Jimmie pushed open the door just the least bit.

"Please," he begged, "let us come in. We don't mean to bother. We—we thought we might be able to help you."

"Well, all right, then. Come in," said the peevish voice.

Betty held back, but Jimmie took her by the hand and pulled her in with him. Then he shut the door and faced the boy. It was just as well that he had already closed the door because, otherwise, he would have been tempted to step right back out again. Never before had Jimmie seen such a disagreeable, fretful-looking little boy. His face was a greenish-yellow color. His eyes were dull, and his mouth turned down instead of up.

"He looks as if he didn't feel well," Betty whispered.

The boy overheard her.

"Feel well?" he snapped. "Feel well? Of course I don't feel well."

"What's the matter with you?" Jimmie asked.

"Matter?" the boy yelled. "Matter? If you can't see what's the matter, you're not very bright. They call me 'Frosty.'"

"I don't see yet," Jimmie began, when Betty spoke up, "You don't *eat* the frosting, do you?"

The boy shuddered.

"I *did*," he admitted. "That's the trouble. I *did*. I always eat too much. Here! Take an apron and



## JIMMIE COULD NOT HELP TASTING IT

help. My mother bakes cakes for people. She was called away and I thought I'd help. I often help."

Jimmie and Betty began to work.

Whenever the frosting ran down the sides of a cake Jimmie could not help tasting it. Oh, it was good! Betty, too, could not help scraping out her bowl each time and eating the left-over icings.

The children frosted the cakes, sometimes with white frostings and sometimes with chocolate frostings and different-colored frostings. They tasted this kind and they tasted that. They tasted here and they tasted there. It was not long before the frostings ceased to look inviting.



"A-ha!" cried Frosty. "Look at yourselves in the mirror."

Betty and Jimmie stared at their reflections. They looked rather pale, and they no longer smiled. But they did not look quite so bad as Frosty.

"I don't see why you eat frosting right along," Jimmie said crossly.

"Nor do I," Betty pouted. She was as peevish as Jimmie.

"For the same reason that you do," snapped Frosty. "Because it *tastes* good. Wonder why we can't eat all the frosting we want without having to feel so mean."

"I know," Jimmie admitted. "The school nurse says that sweets are fuel. If you put too much fuel in a stove, the fire doesn't burn well. It has to be poked and stirred up. Here comes your mother, Frosty. Ask her if you may hike home with us. It will do you good."

"Come on, Frosty," Betty invited. "You need poking and stirring up. Come out and play a while."

Willingly Frosty followed his new friends.

## The Pastry Shop

If you want to give a funny little play that will make everybody laugh, suppose you act out the story of "Frosty."

The scene is a pastry shop. You will need a table, three chairs, some little cakes and bowls of frosting. Of course you can make-believe you are using frosting, and I suppose you could make cakes out of paper. Probably you can get a mirror.

The characters are:

Frosty

Jimmie

Betty.

Begin the play with Jimmie and Betty outside, and Frosty's answer to their knock. He says, you remember, "Keep still! Stop bothering!"

Use the exact words in the story for all the speeches.

What sort of a looking little boy would Frosty be? Even if the boy chosen for the part were naturally pleasant, he could pretend he was very disagreeable.

.

## THE STRONG FRIEND

Rows and rows and rows of plants, shining in the sun! Red and yellow and white! Betty and Jimmie stood on the hillside at Grandpa's farm and looked down on the smooth fields of the farm next door. What could they be, those long, even rows?

"Let's go down and see," Betty said. "When we were here in the summer, they were long, *green* rows. They all looked alike."

"I'd like to know myself," Jimmie agreed. "We might go to see Hiram and ask him."

Jimmie and Betty scrambled down the hillside, ran through the pleasant meadow, and soon reached Hiram's barnyard. When they saw Hiram on a lively brown horse, they forgot about the rows of plants in the field.

"Whoa, Spice!" cried Hiram, as he brought the plunging horse to a sudden stop.

"Oh, but you're strong!" Jimmie exclaimed, looking at the sturdy, tanned boy. "Wish you'd let me ride Spice. He looks gentle."





HIRAM AND SPICE



"Oh, please let me ride, too!" Betty begged.  
"Couldn't I ride behind Jimmie?"

Hiram dismounted and led Spice to the porch.

"This is the best place to climb up," Hiram said.  
"Could you reach the stirrups, Jimmie?"

"I think so," Jimmie replied and climbed from the porch into the saddle, while Hiram held Spice.

Betty clambered up behind her brother. How far it seemed to the ground! How slippery the smooth, brown horse felt! What if she should fall off?

Hiram smiled up at Betty.

"Not afraid, are you?" he asked.

"N-n-no!" Betty stammered. "I'd like to ride out and see your rows and rows of—"

Just at that moment Jimmie pulled on the reins, and Spice whirled about and tore up the road. Betty squealed and grabbed Jimmie. Jimmie dropped the reins and grabbed hold of Spice's mane. The horse turned into the field and ran wildly, first this way and then that. Why, Spice was running away!

Betty felt wind and dust and sand in her face. She closed her eyes. The next thing she knew an-

other horse was running alongside of Spice and a gentle voice was saying, "Easy there, Spice! Easy there, old fellow! You're all right, Jimmie. You're all right, Betty. Just hold on tight!"

Hiram, sitting bareback astride a big, white horse, was leading Spice back to the barnyard.

"Sorry," Hiram said. "Spice never did such a thing before."

It was not until Jimmie and Betty were back safe on the ground that Jimmie said, "We really came over to ask you what was in that field."

Jimmie pointed to the field where Spice had run away.

"Didn't you see?" asked Hiram, grinning.

"N-no," admitted Jimmie.

"Didn't you see, either?" Hiram asked Betty.

"N-no," admitted Betty.

"Then I must show you," Hiram said. "A strong friend lives there."

"A strong friend?" brother and sister asked, both at once.

"Yes, a strong, necessary friend," Hiram said. "A friend that's kind in the spring, in the summer,



“A STRONG FRIEND LIVES THERE”

in the fall and in the winter! A friend that makes you feel fine the year around! A friend that’s as good as a tonic!”

“Are you joking?” asked Jimmie.

“Hiram is so strong himself, he ought to know,” Betty said.

“I do know,” Hiram boasted.

He led the way to the field over which the horse had run with Jimmie and Betty. At the edge the



three of them paused, and Betty laughed outright. She seized Jimmie's arm.

"Onions!" she cried. "Red onions! White onions! Yellow onions! All drying in the sun! We might have known, Jimmie."

"We might have smelled them, anyway," said Jimmie with a grin, "if Spice hadn't been in such a hurry."

Then both Jimmie and Betty became sober.

"Why did you call the onions a strong friend?" Jimmie asked. "I think *you're* a strong friend."

"Thank you," Hiram answered. "I was a useful, strong friend to you once; but you'll find the onions a useful, strong friend to you always. Why, Grandma says onions are better than sulphur and molasses in the spring. Doctor says they're full of healthful mineral salts. Our teacher says they're valuable to keep away sickness, and—"

Hiram stopped for breath, and Betty said, "We believe you, Hiram. Don't we, Jimmie?"

"Indeed, we do," agreed Jimmie.



## THE SURPRISING SOUP

Jimmie had taken his little sister Betty on her first hike. During the last quarter of a mile, he could hardly drag her along.

"I told you not to come," he scolded. "I knew all the time you'd get tired and hang back."

"It isn't that I'm so tired," the little girl insisted, "but I'm so hungry. If only I had something to eat, I know I could walk miles."

"You can't expect to carry a lot of food on a long hike," Jimmie retorted, but not so sternly as he might have spoken. Jimmie was hungry, too, if the truth were known.

All of a sudden Betty began to dance and laugh so that the leaves at her feet flew about merrily.

"Well, what has happened to you?" cried her brother in surprise. "A minute ago you could hardly walk. Now you are dancing."

"Oh, I see a house! Look, Brother! Right ahead, there, in that grove of cedars! Perhaps we can get a lunch there."

Sure enough, a short way ahead there stood a homelike little cottage, so brown and old with age that one almost missed seeing it. It looked like Mother Earth on which it stood. But it looked, oh, so pleasant!

"I hope whoever lives there will have something to eat," Jimmie cried, hurrying on ahead. "Come along, Betty. It is a home, not a restaurant. Still, as it is so far from town, we will ask them for a lunch."

Betty's dancing feet soon caught up with her brother's, and together the children rapped on the door of the little brown cottage.

An old man opened the door, and in answer to Jimmie's request replied that they were to come right in and make themselves at home.

"I hope we aren't going to be too much trouble," Betty apologized, and added, "we thought we would ask if we could have something to eat. We have come a long way."

The old man smiled.

"I always make a big boiling of soup. That's what I have to-day. I hope you like soup."



“OH, YES, WE LIKE SOUP”

“Soup!” repeated Jimmie. “Oh, yes, we like soup. We often have it to start our dinner with at home.”

“Well!” laughed the old man, “this soup will have to start and finish your dinner, I’m afraid. Though there may be a few wild crab apples for dessert.”

“I know I’ll like your dinner,” Betty said, so hungry she could hardly wait for the old man to take the iron kettle off the hook above the open fire.

The old man set the kettle on the wooden table, and with a big ladle, dished the soup out into bowls. There was a meaty, rich flavor rising from the steam and Betty saw that her bowl was thick

and full of lumps of vegetables. The children said grace with true thankfulness, and ate with so much relish that the old man laughed heartily.

"I never knew soup could be so good," said Jimmie.

"Nor I," agreed Betty.

"That's because you're hungry," said the old man. "Soup's good for hungry people. You don't eat too much. And it rests you, too."

"I feel better already," Betty admitted.

"A heavy meal wouldn't be half so good for you," the old man explained, "because it would take too much energy to digest it. You need all your strength to keep your legs going."

"I didn't think I was going to have enough," Jimmie said and laughed. "But I feel just right."

"So do I," said Betty, "and we are ever so much obliged."

Jimmie thanked his host, too, and set off with his sister down the trail. He no longer complained that she could not keep up with him. She seemed as fresh and happy as when they had started off in the morning.



When they finally reached their own gate, their mother came out to meet them.

“Why, children,” she cried happily, “you don’t look tired at all! I thought you would be drooping like poor little wilted flowers!”

Then Jimmie and Betty told their mother about the surprising soup.

“That’s not surprising to me,” she said. “Soup has so many good things in it—the meat juices and the vegetable juices—and I imagine the old man had garden herbs, too. Soup is so satisfying, it seems to act like magic when we are tired or hungry.”

“Well, it was surprising to me,” Jimmie said.

“To me, too,” agreed Betty. . . . “But, come to think of it, it isn’t so surprising. Why, soup contains proteins from the meat juices and starches and mineral salts from the vegetables and—”

“And water from the spring,” Jimmie added. “It’s a food and a drink, too.”

## The Good Work That Soup Did

Why did Jimmie scold Betty when she lagged behind? How did he himself feel?

Describe the little cottage as you imagine it looked.

Act out the scene in the cottage. There will be just the old man and Jimmie and Betty. Begin with the old man's telling the children to come right in. Close the scene with their thanking him for his kindness.

All you will need for this scene is a big soup kettle, three bowls and three spoons. Could you use water for soup? Could you make believe it tasted so good that the children looking on would really imagine that you were eating good vegetable and meat soup?

How did the children's mother explain the surprisingly good work the soup did?

Can you remember the different kinds of foods that went into the making of the soup? What besides meat and vegetables?

How many different kinds of soups do you know?

## LITTLE BUTTER BALL

Jimmie and Betty had often heard of Little Butter Ball, who lived on a farm and had a reputation for being both lively and friendly. Every child liked to play with Butter Ball, for he never quarreled nor acted selfish. You could spend a whole day with him and be perfectly happy.

When Jimmie and his little sister Betty received an invitation to visit Butter Ball, they were delighted. It was always a pleasure to visit on a farm, but every one said that the farm where Butter Ball lived was the very finest in the land.

Jimmie and Betty walked out to the farm for their visit to Butter Ball. They had no trouble finding the way, for gentle cows chewed their cuds in all the green pastures along the road. And the big yellow house and red barns could be seen at a great distance.

When the two children entered the gate that led up to the house, Butter Ball came to meet them. He was fat and round, with yellow curls, and he



BUTTER BALL TURNED A FEW HANDSPRINGS

fairly danced as he tumbled down the steps toward them.

“Oh, here you are!” he cried gleefully. “I hope you’re not tired. But if you are, I’ll see that you’re rested up.”

“Are you always as lively as that?” asked Jimmie.

“Of course!” laughed Butter Ball and he turned a few handsprings to show how easily they could be done.



"Are you always happy, too?" Betty asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Butter Ball, his eyes shining and his mouth turning up at the corners.

"What makes you so lively and so happy?" the children insisted.

"I'll tell you," answered the joyous boy. "It's no secret."

Butter Ball led Jimmie and Betty into the big, pleasant house where yellow canaries flew in and out of the windows and butterflies hovered over the flowers. Out in the kitchen were the churns and the big pats of golden butter that the dairymaids and men were working into shape.

"That's the secret!" Butter Ball said and laughed.

"What's the secret?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes, what's the secret?" Betty repeated.

"Why, butter's the secret," cried Butter Ball and danced up and down.

Suddenly he stopped and regarded his guests sadly.

"You don't believe it!" he said.

"I didn't say we didn't," answered Jimmie, and

Betty quickly nodded agreement with her brother.

“Well, if I have to prove it to you,” sighed Butter Ball, “I suppose I’ll have to. We won’t have so much time to play, though.”

He led Jimmie and Betty into a large, light room where the oldest and wisest butter-maker was testing each of the big pats of butter.

“Mister Butter-Maker,” said little Butter Ball politely, “Jimmie and Betty can’t see why butter should make me so lively and healthy. Won’t you tell them?”

“Certainly I will,” and the butter-maker’s voice was very smooth, “if they will try to understand.”

“We’ll try!” promised Jimmie and Betty.

“Butter,” spoke the old man, “contains some strange elements that make things go. They make what you call *energy*. Some people call it ‘pep.’ I have heard persons say, ‘That’s what makes the wheels go round!’”

“What are the strange elements?” Jimmie asked.

“They are called vitamins,” said the old man, but added, “you don’t have to remember the big



“BUTTER CONTAINS SOME STRANGE ELEMENTS”

word. Just remember that there are things in butter that make you lively.”

“Oh, we know about vitamins,” Betty boasted and Jimmie added, “Yes, we have learned about vitamins in foods.”

The butter-maker laughed and slapped Jimmie on the shoulder so hard that the little boy almost fell over.

“Ho! ho!” cried the butter-maker. “You’re bright children. So you know all about vitamins!”

“We know,” said Betty, “that they are substances found in fresh foods. They keep us young and make us grow.”

“Good!” cried the butter-maker, and motioned the children to come closer. “And I’ll tell you something queer. Butter contains a certain kind of vitamin that is found scarcely anywhere else.”

“I’m glad to know that,” smiled Betty.

“We’re for the butter!” yelled Jimmie.

“We’ll have a lunch later on,” promised Butter Ball, “but let’s go and play first.”

At noon the butter-maker called the children to him. He had set out their lunch on a tray under an apple tree. Jimmie and Betty were not surprised to find their bread spread thick with yellow butter.

“It tastes almost like sweet, thick cream,” said Betty.

“It’s made of cream,” Butter Ball explained.

“This is the easiest work I ever did to make me grow,” Jimmie declared, as he bit into his second slice.

“It’s one of the surest ways to make yourself grow,” Butter Ball offered, smiling at his guests. “Nothing takes the place of butter.”



## THE CIRCUS DRINKS

Jimmie gave a circus every year in the old barn that stood under the elm trees. Perhaps his father might have torn down the old building, except for the fact that he remembered his own boyhood days and wanted his little son to have as good a time as he had had. The latest circus was to be the best of all.

Jimmie rigged up a trapeze out of some clothes-line and the handle of an old broom, and made a really natural "lion" out of the collie by clipping him close, all except his ruff. The other little boys in the neighborhood brought their pet dogs and cats and made crates into cages for the animal show.

There was only one drawback to giving the circus. Jimmie's little sister Betty wanted to take part. The little boys had given her every chance. She had hung by her knees on the trapeze, only to fall when they swung her. And she had been given a chance to train the "lion." But the collie had

only jumped about and licked her face. Jimmie was his trainer, and the dog refused to mind anyone else. The boys had even given Betty a chance to be the "wild man," but she was forced to admit that she looked too little and that she couldn't make as fierce faces as the new boy who had just moved into the block.

"Now, are you satisfied?" cried Jimmie finally.

"Yes," she answered, almost in tears. "But I did want to take part. I won't bother you any more."

"That's a good girl," said Jimmie, with relief. He went on nailing a crate of "wild cats" onto a coaster wagon for the parade.

Betty's eyes were so full of tears that she almost stumbled against the family doctor as he came up the walk.

"Well! Well!" he cried, "I was just dropping in to see how Grandmother was feeling these days; I didn't expect a real patient."

The doctor's voice was comforting; so Betty told him her story.

"Know what a prescription is, Betty?" he asked in his most sober voice.

"It's something to cure you when you are sick," answered the little girl, wiping away her tears.

"Right the first time," the doctor said and then laughed heartily.

"You're thinking something nice," Betty guessed and laughed, too.

"I'm going to give you a prescription for the circus," announced the doctor, as he took out his little pad. Then he wrote something on a leaf of his notebook and handed it to Betty.

"Have this filled in the kitchen," he ordered.

Betty took the piece of paper and stared at it. All it said was, "Pink lemonade. Citric acids in cases of thirst, fatigue and overheating."

The doctor left Betty standing in the middle of the walk. She was somewhat perplexed. Then, all of a sudden, her face beamed with happiness. Here was something she might do. She could take part in Jimmie's circus without displeasing any of the little boys. She would sell lemonade. The paraders would be thirsty, tired and very warm. Yes, the prescription was just right. Fruit juices were full of vitamins, they were cooling and refreshing.

She could make the lemonade pink with the left-over juice from the cherry sauce, and perhaps Grandma would let her have that pomegranate on the buffet. Pomegranates have such lovely red juice.

Citrous fruits? Why, there were lemons and oranges and grapefruits in the pantry and tangerines on the table. She must ask Mother for some of each. Mother had often said that such fruits were very valuable since they contained natural sugars, mineral salts and refreshing juices.

Jimmie was relieved that his sister did not bother him on the morning of the circus. There was enough to do at the last minute, for some of the cats resented being put into the same cages with other cats. "Wild cats" was a correct sign. Billy's mother hesitated a long time before she lent two of her hens, and the stripes on the zebra, the new boy's airedale, ran together. Altogether Jimmie had a great deal to keep him busy.

When the boys, followed by their friends, came back to the circus barn, they found Betty under a wide umbrella, standing behind a table on which





BETTY SOLD PINK LEMONADE

glasses of pink lemonade were arranged. There was a frosty coolness about those glasses that was very tempting. Every single boy and girl knew that the lemon juice would satisfy thirst. It would make his stomach feel good, too. And best of all, the cool drink would cool his whole body.

"One cent a glass," the sign said.

That was the price of the circus. Jimmie and the neighborhood boys had planned to buy a baseball outfit with the proceeds from the circus.

Now, most of the little boys who came had only one penny. They wanted to see the circus. They wanted the lemonade, too. They hesitated. They really needed a drink.

Finally one tired, thirsty little boy stepped up.

"I want a glass of lemonade," he said. "Saw the parade. That's enough circus for me."

It wasn't long before the others joined the first little boy, and the crowd that had formed to wait for the barn door to swing open gathered about Betty's lemonade stand.

When Jimmie swung the doors open with a grand gesture, his sharp eyes saw at once how matters stood. So did Betty. She had played a part and was willing to be generous.

"The lemonade money belongs to the circus," she said.

"Sure," grinned Jimmie, and added generously, "everybody that bought lemonade can see the circus, too. After having good, cooling drinks, everybody will feel like enjoying it."

## THE SMALL TIGER

"Eat your baked potatoes and spinach, Jimmie," said Father.

"And you yours, Betty," Mother added.

"I want some more meat," said Jimmie sulkily.

"I want some more meat, too," nodded Betty.

"Eat what's on your plates," Father commanded.

"Then you can have some nice gelatine for dessert," Mother promised.

This conversation happened so often that no one thought much about it. Jimmie and Betty often asked for more meat and were always refused. But they had been studying about diet in school; so, at this particular meal, Jimmie sat forward on his chair and faced his father and mother with a great show of importance.

"I've got to have protein, haven't I?" he asked.

"The teacher," chimed in Betty, "says we should have just so much protein a day to keep well."

Father and Mother both smiled, and Mother said, "Protein, I believe, is found in a great many foods



besides meats, in eggs and in cottage cheese, in beans and even in milk. Not that meat isn't a good food! It is! It's so nourishing, in fact, that a little goes a long way."

"Betty and Jimmie," Father said, "remind me of a small tiger the explorer brought home. He wants *all* his protein in the form of raw meat. It makes both children and animals disagreeable if they have too much heavy food to digest. I wouldn't answer for that tiger's disposition."

"O Betty!" Jimmie cried suddenly, "let us go over after we finish our dessert and see the little tiger."

"I'd like to go," Betty cried, her eyes sparkling. "May we go, Mother?"

"Why, yes," Mother agreed, "but be careful."

"Tiger eat tiger!" laughed Father.

As soon as they were excused from the table, Jimmie and Betty ran, hand in hand, up to the end of the street, where the explorer lived. The house and yard were big; in the rear was a barn-like building where the explorer kept the tiger.

The children walked in through a small door. They found themselves in a tiny enclosure, on the



floor of which was thick straw into which their feet sank. In the dim light they saw that a ladder led up to the loft above.

“Let us climb the ladder!” cried Jimmie.

“All right!” agreed his little sister. “I can climb almost as well as a boy, can’t I?”

“Oh, almost,” agreed Jimmie.

Jimmie started up the ladder, with Betty behind him, when they heard a low growl. Down in the corner were two shining eyes in what appeared to be a ball of fur.

The children scrambled up the ladder as fast as they could go. Betty caught her breath in a sob; but Jimmie only breathed hard.

“Don’t cry!” he called. “Such a small tiger wouldn’t hurt anybody.”

The furry ball rose and stretched, and his shining eyes looked more than ever like balls of fire. Then he growled again. “Gr-r-r-r!” It was a throaty sound. “Gr-r-r-r!” It made the children shiver! “Gr-r-r-r!”

“Come on down!” growled the little tiger. His sharp, white teeth were snapping at the ladder.



“WE HAVE TO EAT THINGS WE DON’T LIKE, TOO”

“Wh-wh-wh-what do you w-w-want?” asked Jimmie, as bravely as he could.

“I want my protein,” snapped the small tiger. “I’d like a nip of your little sister and yourself.”

“R-r-r-raw meat isn’t g-g-g-good for you,” gulped Betty, as bravely as she could. “A l-l-little goes a long way.”

“I’ve heard you yell for meat myself,” said the small tiger, “when the explorer was leading me past your house for exercise.”

“You’ll never hear it again,” promised Jimmie.

“Never again!” agreed Betty. “You see, we’ve learned a good deal just lately. You can get protein in other foods besides meat.”

"Can you?" asked the small tiger, mildly interested. "Where?"

"In eggs and cheese and beans and corn meal and milk and—"

"That's enough!" snarled the little tiger. "I don't like such things. Only this morning the explorer brought me vegetables and oatmeal. He says they're good for me. So I just have to eat them."

"We have to eat things we don't like, too," said Jimmie, "just because they're good for us."

"Oh, yes!" added Betty. "Every day we hear, 'Eat your spinach. It's good for you!' and 'Eat your whole-wheat bread and butter. It's good for you.'"

There was a tear in the small tiger's eye.

"Come on down and play," he begged. "I feel too sorry for you to want to nip you. Think of having to get our proteins without getting all the meat we'd like, just because it's good for us!"

And the mild, vegetable-fed tiger allowed Jimmie and Betty to stroke his fuzzy back.

## A Funny Little Play

Are you like Jimmie and Betty? Do you ask for more meat and still more meat? Why doesn't your father serve you all you want? You know meat is a good food or it wouldn't be on your table. Then why are Father and Mother so careful to let you have only a small portion?

Would you like to make the boys and girls laugh about this question of meat eating? Suppose you act out the story of the vegetable-fed tiger. You will need a ladder and a hay loft. What could you use in school? A table for the loft? Some grass for the hay? A small chair ladder for the big ladder? I'm sure you'll manage somehow.

Let some one play the tiger. Have you a little boy who would like to walk on all fours? Could he growl like a little tiger? Maybe he could even wear a fur coat.

Begin with the little tiger at the foot of the ladder growling and saying, "Come on down!"

End the play with Jimmie and Betty petting the mild, vegetable-fed tiger.



## ROUGH STUFF

Jimmie and his little sister Betty were coming home from a lovely party where they had played games and romped and eaten. In fact, they did not like to think how much they had eaten! White bread sandwiches with rich fillings of preserves! And cups of chocolate, with whipped cream! And ice cream with frosted cakes and salted nuts and candies! They were both bent double with a terrible stomach ache. They had felt so well right after breakfast, but they were so unhappy now.

"We had a good time, anyway!" insisted little Betty, holding her two soft little hands hard against her stomach.

"Yes, we did!" groaned Jimmie; and Betty was too miserable to care whether he meant it or not.

The children had come as far as the pasture where the family cow was chewing her cud. Slowly and continuously her jaws moved from side to side. The gentle crunching sound was not unpleasant, but Jimmie glared at her.

"If I ate all day like you do, I'd be sicker than I am," he challenged the cow.

Mooley kept right on chewing.

"Chew, chew, chew!" called Betty crossly. "If I chewed like that, my jaws would be tired."

"Such coarse stuff to eat!" sighed Jimmie a bit enviously. He was wishing he had eaten corn bread or oatmeal himself. Then he wouldn't have felt so uncomfortable.

"I like refined food," said Betty proudly, trying to forget her stomach ache.

That was too much for Mooley the cow.

"Too refined!" she remarked, never missing a chew.

Betty, who had been taught never to speak with her mouth full, regarded the cow reproachfully.

"You mean our manners are too refined?" she asked.

"Not your manners!" corrected the cow. "Your food."

"I think you're right," put in Jimmie. "From the way I feel, I know you're right."

"The man who feeds me," continued Mooley,



"I ALWAYS FEEL WELL," SAID THE COW

"could give me enough food to last all day in one of his hands. But I would soon get very sick and die. It takes me all day to eat my meals. And I always feel well."

"I envy you," sighed Jimmie; and Betty added, "So do I."

"It's the roughage that keeps me all right inside," added Mooley, chewing slowly.

"The roughage?" Both children spoke at once.

"Yes, the roughage," Mooley explained. "The rough stuff does the work. That's the kind of food you say is not nourishing—food like bran."

"We eat bran in muffins," Betty defended.

"Better keep it up," said the cow. "You ate bran in muffins one day, but you filled up on ice cream and candy to-day. Or I miss my guess!"

"You're right," Jimmie said. "But I don't like bran; I don't care much for oats, either, or spinach."

"I suppose you like to sit all hunched up like that," observed the cow.

Jimmie did not answer.

"Don't your jaws get tired?" asked Betty, trying to change the subject.

"They do not," snapped Mooley. "And, if you worked your jaws more, you'd have better teeth."

"I'll do anything to keep from having my teeth filled," Jimmie promised.

"Well, then, use them," Mooley advised. "Teeth get better with use. Chew and chew and chew. The chewing polishes your teeth and exercises the gums. Don't swallow things whole."



"Grandma has to do that," Betty said. "She just eats soup and mush."

"Most of the stuff you eat is mush, too," Mooley remarked.

"I think you're right," put in Jimmie. "From the way I feel I know you're right. I feel as if I were full of mush."

"So do I!" agreed Betty.

The children thanked the cow for her good advice, and left her quietly chewing her cud.

"Remember!" said Betty, "Mooley said, 'Rough stuff!'"

"'Rough stuff' is my motto from now on," said Jimmie earnestly.

The cook met the children at the door. But before she could speak, Jimmie said, "Could we have just a baked apple and a bran muffin for supper?"

"Of course you can," smiled the cook. "I suppose you overate at the party. To-morrow you'll want everything again."

But Betty and Jimmie vowed they would not.

## “Rough Stuff” Is Our Motto

Show how Jimmie and Betty walked on their way home from the party. What had they had to eat?

Do you want to have some fun? Get a picture of a cow and let some one stand behind the picture. If the picture is too small to conceal the speaker, tack the picture to a screen and let the speaker stand behind the screen. Perhaps your milkman will give you a big picture of a cow, one he has used for advertising.

If you can't get a picture, draw one on the blackboard.

Jimmie and Betty come along, bent double with stomach ache. They stop to look at the cow. Jimmie begins with the sentence in the book, “If I ate all day like you do, I'd be sicker than I am.”

Act each part out, using the words of the story. The part of Mooley is taken by the person concealed behind the picture or the screen.

End the scene when Jimmie says, “‘Rough stuff’ is my motto from now on.”

## THE STOMACH BRUSH

Betty, sitting in the hammock on the back porch reading, heard the clatter of Jimmie's shoes as he ran down the back steps of the new house next door. Jimmie surely was excited. Betty jumped to her feet and ran to meet him.

"What has happened?" she cried.

Jimmie's eyes were brighter blue than the sky and his cheeks redder than the new "Jack" rose in the garden.

"*Monsieur* is home!" Jimmie exclaimed.

"Not Monsieur, the artist!" Betty's eyes were as bright as Jimmie's, her cheeks as red.

Madame, the new neighbor, had told the children, in broken English, that her husband was an artist. When he returned home, they must come to dinner.

"Has Monsieur many pictures with him?" Betty inquired, while Jimmie paused to get his breath.

Betty liked pictures, especially Raphael's Madonna pictures and Boughton's Pilgrim pictures.

"He is not that kind of an artist," Jimmie declared, proud of his knowledge. "He is a *chef*!"

"A chef?" Betty caught her breath.

"A chef!" Jimmie said it plainly and repeated it just as plainly. "A chef!"

"But Madame said he was an artist," Betty began.

"He is an artist," Jimmie said, staunchly. "Madame says that anybody that does anything better than anybody else is an artist."

Just then Monsieur, in a stiffly starched white suit and a stiffly starched white cap, appeared on the back porch next door. His eyes were shining black, and his little black mustache made his big, white teeth look whiter still. What a smile!

"Come, my little friends," he invited. "Madame tells me you have been waiting for me. Come! I shall give you a sample of my cooking."

He did not have to repeat his invitation. Betty ran as fast as Jimmie across the lawn and up the steps.

"I am so glad you are a cook artist instead of a picture artist," Betty said shyly.





“WE ALL NEED THE STOMACH BRUSH”

“Or even a musical artist,” Jimmie agreed.

Monsieur laughed.

“You shall watch!” he said, as he stood before his white table. “At one end the little girl shall sit. At the other end the little boy shall sit. Now!”

Jimmie sat down on one of the clean red and white chairs, Betty on the other. Monsieur raised his knife.

"First," he said, "there is the stomach brush!"

Betty looked across at Jimmie, startled.

"I don't need a stomach brush," Jimmie spoke up quickly.

"I don't *want* a stomach brush!" Betty gasped. The cook looked stern.

"You need—we all need—the stomach brush," he insisted. "You must have the stomach brush."

Betty looked wildly at Jimmie.

"I think I'll go home, if you don't mind," she began; but the cook pushed her back gently into her chair.

"You must not go until you have dined," he said politely and made her a bow.

"First," said the cook again, "as I was saying, the stomach brush!"

Betty started to rise again.

"Aw, sit down," Jimmie said. "I'm sure if poor Aunt Carrie could have her stomach pumped out, we can stand it to have ours brushed out!"

Betty gulped and settled back in her chair. If Jimmie could be brave, she could, too.

"What is that?" cried the cook sharply.

“Stomachs pumped out? Stomachs brushed out?”

Then he laughed and laughed.

“You do not understand, I see,” he said, when he could speak again. “See, this is the stomach brush!”

Monsieur held up a little bunch of curly leaves and began to cut them with his knife.

“That’s parsley!” Betty cried, wide-eyed.

“That’s parsley!” Jimmie repeated. “Why do you call it a stomach brush?”

“Because,” said the cook who was also an artist, “it cleans one’s stomach so well. Eat this—the stomach brush—and you will never need the stomach pump. Look! I sprinkle the good parsley on little rounds of bread to be eaten at the beginning of the meal. I put some in the soup. Also I place it in little bouquets around the meat. It is not just a decoration. It is to be eaten.”

And he hastened to make ready the good dinner which proved him, as both Betty and Jimmie afterwards said, “a real artist.”

## The Cook Artist

What does "monsieur" mean? (It is French for mister. But you won't find pronouncing it quite so simple.) Look it up and learn to pronounce it correctly.

What is a chef?

How can a cook be an artist?

If you would like to play the part of Monsieur, put on a clean white cap and apron and get yourself a little black mustache. You might make one out of black paper or draw it above your upper lip with a charred match.

For this scene you will need a table, two chairs, some parsley and a knife. A few dishes would make the table look as if it were set for a meal.

We have Jimmie and Betty as two of the characters. You, as Monsieur, are the third. Begin the action of the story with the three characters ready as in the picture. Betty says, "I am so glad that you are a cook artist instead of a picture artist."

End the scene with the chef's explanation of the "stomach brush."



## JUST DESSERTS

"There's a new little inn by the side of the road," Jimmie announced as he ran into the house.

He had just come home from a hike through the autumn woods.

"A new inn!" Betty was interested. "What does it look like?"

"It's a little brown house; and it looks so home-like, with the red and gold maple trees around it," Jimmie said.

Then he smacked his lips and looked away off toward the long country road and the blue sky.

"You're thinking of something pleasant," Betty guessed.

Jimmie's whole face smiled.

"I certainly am." Then he brightened. "Betty, what do you think? In the window of the inn there's a sign."

"Yes, yes," prompted Betty.

"The sign says, '*Just Desserts*'!" Jimmie cried.

"'Just desserts'! O Jimmie, how lovely!" Betty

exclaimed. "When Uncle comes again, let's ask him to take us there instead of to the hotel."

"That's what I was thinking, too," Jimmie admitted.

Luckily, just at that moment, Uncle appeared at the gate.

"Hello, there!" he called. "Well, both Betty and Jimmie home at once! This is fine! Want to go to lunch with me?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," they answered, with one voice.

"Where shall we go?" Uncle asked. "Anywhere you say!"

"We'd like to go to the inn by the side of the road," Jimmie said.

Betty added, "If you please, Uncle."

"All right," Uncle agreed. "Let's get Mother's permission, and then we'll be off."

A little later Betty, in a pretty pink gingham dress, and Jimmie, in his blue sailor suit, went down the road with their uncle. The sight of the little brown house ahead brought smiles of delight to the faces of the children. Uncle looked pleased, too.

A little old man opened the door into a cheerful old room. There were rag rugs on the floor and a fire in a cobblestone fireplace. A mother cat and her kittens played near the warmth.

The merriest little old lady in a gray frock and a lace-trimmed cap came bustling out from a little room behind.

“Good day!” she cried, welcome in her tone. “Good day! What can I do for you to-day?”

“Lunch for the three of us, if you please,” Uncle said as he bowed to the little old lady.

“We have good stew and spinach,” said the little old lady. “Also, there’s whole-wheat bread and milk.”

“Good! Very good!” Uncle declared.

Then he turned about. Why, Betty looked as if she were about to cry. Jimmie was manfully blinking and trying to smile.

“What’s the matter?” Uncle asked, as soon as the merry old lady had hurried out to her little kitchen.

“It says, ‘*Just Desserts*,’ in the window,” Jimmie whispered.



## THE STEW DID SMELL GOOD

“That’s what it says—‘*Just Desserts,*’” Betty added. “I saw the sign myself as we came in.”

“How’s that?” exclaimed Uncle. “We’ll ask about this.”

The little old man drew a table before the cheerful fire and placed three chairs about it.

Then the old lady bustled in with a tray. The stew did smell good. There was sliced egg on the spinach. The bread looked crusty and rich, the



milk was yellow and sweet. The children were almost happy.

“What does your sign mean—‘*Just Desserts*’?” Uncle asked.

“What it says,” the little old lady answered. “I serve only *just* desserts. Some desserts are hard on the stomach. They are the *unjust* desserts, because they promise pleasure and give pain. My desserts are *just*. They promise pleasure and give pleasure.”

“What are they?” asked Uncle.

“Gelatine—because it digests so quickly,” said the little old lady. “Or you may have custard, tapioca pudding, dates and nuts, or fruit. The custards are nourishing, and so is the tapioca. The dates are nature’s own sweets. Of course, if you’ve had a fairly heavy meal, the fruit would be best.”

“How lovely!” Betty exclaimed.

“Fine!” Jimmie cried.

“I believe in signs,” Uncle admitted. “Especially in honest signs like yours.”

Betty chose tapioca pudding with dates in it,

and Jimmie decided to have custard with raisins. Uncle said he'd take a baked apple.

"Dessert used to mean pastry to me," Uncle offered, soberly. "But that was when I worked hard in the fields all day and had a stomach like an ostrich."

"Has an ostrich a queer stomach?" Jimmie asked, lifting up a plump raisin on his spoon.

"Well, not queer for an ostrich," Uncle answered. "But it would be queer if it belonged to you or Betty. An ostrich can swallow almost anything and still feel well."

"We can't," Betty spoke up. "Mother says that pie, with its rich crust and filling, is not for little children. Our digestions aren't grown up any more than we are. As babies we could digest only milk; but now we can enjoy puddings like these."

"I'd just as soon have desserts like this all my life," said Jimmie.

"So would I," Betty agreed.

"Then you'd surely always have *Just Desserts*," said Uncle.

## Lunch at the Inn

What did Jimmie and Betty expect to eat at the inn with the sign *Just Desserts*?

Describe the inn. Would you expect the food to be wholesome?

For the scene at the inn you would need a table and some chairs. If you put a few dishes on the table, it will look more as though a meal were being eaten.

There will be five parts:

Uncle

Jimmie

Betty

The Little Old Man

The Little Old Lady.

The girl who plays the part of the Little Old Lady should wear a cap. She could explain, just as the old lady does in the story, about "just desserts" and other kinds.

Could you name a dozen *just* desserts? If it were *your* inn, what would you give the boys and girls who came there to dine?

## KING WATER

Jimmie and his little sister Betty often wondered who ruled the Green Forest, the Desert Land and the Big Hill. From the animals and plants they had heard strange whisperings of a great king.

"He is not only a great king," the cactus plant had whispered one day when the children were taking a trip through the desert, "but he is also a great doctor. He knows just how much water everything needs."

"I wonder how much we need," asked Betty, and the cactus answered, "Visit the king and learn."

"Where does he live?" asked Jimmie.

"Top o' the world," said the cactus, proud of such wonderful knowledge.

So Jimmie and Betty decided to visit the king. Their journey led, first of all, through a burning desert. The children became very thirsty and tired.

"Oh, for a drink!" they sighed.

The cactus answered them.

"The king sent word that I was to hold water



for you in my thick coat. Cut off a piece as big as a bowl and watch the water rise."

Jimmie cut off a large piece of the cactus, and soon he held a bowl of moisture. Betty sipped it gladly and so did Jimmie.

"It was surely kind," said Betty, "for the king to provide for us."

"He must expect us," cried Jimmie joyfully. "Let us hurry."

Hand in hand the children came out of the desert and began to pick their way through the underbrush in the forest. They stopped to listen to the songs of the thrushes and to pick the wild strawberries that were so small but so sweet.

"I'm thirsty again," said Betty, "and my hands are so sticky. I wish I could wash them."

"I'm thirsty too," Jimmie admitted, "but I have no idea where a spring could be found."

"There must be a little brook somewhere in the woods," said Betty, "for the violets grow so thick and dark."

"Oh, look!" whispered Jimmie. "There's a rabbit going up that way."

Betty looked in the direction Jimmie had pointed. She caught only a glimpse of the gray bunny's white tail, but she also saw a red squirrel fairly flying in the same direction. Then suddenly she caught her brother by the sleeve.

"The little forest animals know more than we do," she cried. "They all go in the direction of King Water at this time of day."

"I believe you're right," cried the brother generously. "We can follow them."

The brother and sister stumbled along through the lacy-leafed woods into which the late, golden sun sifted, often falling over underbrush, but always going closer and closer to the place where they could hear the birds singing.

Then, to their great surprise, they found they had reached the home of King Water. From a great distance could be heard the roar of waters, but near at hand trickled a fairylike brook, picking its way daintily among the stones between the mossy banks.

King Water came striding down the hill. His beard and hair were like the bluish mists on the



THE HOME OF KING WATER



mountain tops and his vast cloak like the fogs in the valleys. His kindly eyes shone like blue lakes and there was a glow on his cheeks like ponds at sunset.

“Ho! ho!” he cried. “Welcome, children! Welcome! What can I do for you?”

“Cactus said you were a doctor,” spoke up Jimmie, not at all afraid. “We came to find out how much water we needed.”

“Your doctor at home will say at least four glasses of water a day and a couple of baths a week,” said King Water.

Jimmie and Betty knew that it was really necessary to take two good, complete baths a week. They felt fresher and sweeter after their baths. Four glasses of water were not too many to drink. Not only did the water satisfy thirst but it helped to digest their food.

Jimmie faced King Water gayly.

“Go as far as you like!” roared the great king. “As much as you like—inside and out!”

With that he vanished, and his great laugh, like a roaring river, sounded in the distance.



## A Little Question Box

Why do we call water *King*?

Can water be found in the desert? Tell the story of the cactus. Do you suppose the water in the cactus tasted very good? How would it compare with water from a running spring?

How did Jimmie and Betty discover the direction in which they might go to get water?

Describe King Water.

Repeat his advice to Jimmie and Betty.

Remember that about three-fourths of a child's body is water. Even a larger part of a plant is water.

Which could we live longer without—food or water?

Most foods that we eat contain some water. But in addition to the water we get in this way we need to drink at least how many glassfuls of water a day?

How many baths should children take every week?

Why should we keep our hands clean?

## THE NUTCRACKER BOY

“They’re always talking about Nature’s *sweets*,” said the nutcracker boy, gazing at the dates and figs, the jars of honey, and the little cakes of maple sugar in the window of the corner grocery. “Why don’t they talk about Nature’s *meats*?”

Jimmie and Betty, standing alongside the nutcracker boy, exclaimed in one voice, “Nature’s *meats*?”

“Yes,” said the nutcracker boy, facing about and looking at them, “yes, *meats*! That’s what I said.”

Betty held back her laughter, and Jimmie put his hand over his mouth to hide his broad grin. The children did not want to hurt the feelings of the nutcracker boy. In fact, they liked him very much. His father raised nuts for the market and the nutcracker boy tended the little wayside store where the nuts were sold. It seemed as if he always had a nutcracker in his hands. So many people bought their nuts all ready to eat.

Betty’s and Jimmie’s eyes must have smiled, for

the nutcracker boy said suddenly, "You don't believe me."

"It sounds queer to call nuts meat," Betty said. The nutcracker boy did not laugh.

"Come out to the wayside store and help me this afternoon," he begged. "I'll give you some nuts and you'll find out what I mean."

"I'd like to go," Betty said. "I could wait on customers while you and Jimmie cracked nuts. I know how to weigh things, and I'd put the nuts carefully into the sacks and boxes."

As soon as lunch was over, Jimmie and Betty hurried to the little wayside nut shop. It was such a neat little place, with its brown walls and green tiled roof.

And the nuts! There were many kinds of nuts the children had never seen before. The nutcracker boy had just finished painting a new sign. He was nailing it up as the children arrived.

"*'Nuts — Nature's meats. All kinds!'*" Jimmy read. "Lean and fat, I suppose."

The nutcracker boy overheard this remark.

"Yes, lean and fat!" he said.

"Are you joking?" Betty asked, as she tied on the apron she had brought with her.

"Indeed not!" the nutcracker boy answered. "I'll show you. Here, taste this nut."

Betty chewed the rich morsel.

"That's a butternut," said the nutcracker boy. "Now taste this one."

Betty chewed the fine flavored, dry little nut that was offered her.

"That's a wild hazelnut," said the nutcracker boy. "Notice a difference?"

"Yes, indeed," Betty answered. "What makes the difference?"

"The fat or oil," the nutcracker boy answered, "and the flavor in the nut meat itself."

"I believe you are right about some nuts being richer than others," Jimmie said. "I've noticed the oil that rises to the top on Mother's jar of peanut butter."

It was a busy afternoon for the three of them. There were many customers.

"Where are your peanut trees?" asked a little boy.





A SMILING OLD LADY ASKED FOR BLACK WALNUTS

“Peanuts grow under the ground like potatoes. They are not true nuts,” the nutcracker boy answered. “But the hickory nut, walnut, butternut, almond, pecan, and Brazil nuts grow on trees.”

“How about hazelnut trees?” asked the little boy.

“Hazelnuts grow on bushes,” Jimmie observed wisely.

A smiling old lady asked for black walnuts. She called them “American walnuts.”

“I like them better than English walnuts because they have a finer flavor and are richer,” said the old lady.

When Betty tasted them, she decided the old lady was right.

A young man wanted a big box of mixed nuts.

"Don't put in any old chestnuts," he said and winked.

"Our chestnuts are fresh and good," Betty said soberly.

The sun was setting before the children realized that the afternoon was half over.

"I never knew so many people liked nuts," Jimmie remarked. "I didn't think it would pay to have a store that sold nothing but nuts."

"I know now," Betty said soberly, "why they call them nut meats. I believe nuts are quite as good as meat for food."

"I told you so," said the nutcracker boy; but he said it very kindly.

## A Game About Nuts

Suppose we make up an interesting game about nuts.

First of all, we shall choose a leader. The leader will, in turn, choose ten children and whisper the name of a different nut to each one.

The ten children chosen now take their places in front, while the leader passes paper and pencil to the other children.

The first of the ten children describes the nut he represents without telling the name. He tells where it grows, how it grows, what it looks like and how it tastes, as best he can. The children listening write down the name of this nut under 1.

The second child describes the nut he represents. The listening children write the name of this nut under 2. And so on down the line!

The children mark the papers as the leader reads off the correct names of the nuts. *The winner is the child who described his nut so perfectly that every one guessed it correctly.* He is the next leader.

## DRINKING STREET

Jimmie sat down on the comfortable chair by the kitchen fire and sulked. Although the teakettle hummed and the big Maltese cat rubbed against his legs and purred, Jimmie was not happy. The reason for the little boy being so cross was that his mother would not give him any tea or coffee. He had been so satisfied until the new neighbors next door had made fun of him. They drank tea and coffee.

Sister Betty felt quite as vexed as Jimmie himself. Were they always to be milk drinkers?

The teakettle hummed more pleasantly than ever and the big cat still purred contentedly. It was very peaceful indeed—so peaceful that Jimmie sailed right out of the old kitchen on a big wave of thought.

He found himself in a queer street, not at all like the broad, beautiful avenues that he knew so well. The street was narrow and the buildings were high. The strange thing about the street



was that there were so many signs along the way.

"Drinking Street," the signs all read.

Jimmie felt Betty suddenly beside him. She pulled at his sleeve. Then right in front of him came a cross little boy. He was short and slim, with a face so white it looked almost green.

"Who are you, please?" asked Jimmie.

"Oolong," returned the boy, without smiling.

"That's a funny name," laughed Jimmie.

"Not any funnier than Jimmie," snapped Oolong. "Think I'd better call my brother. He'll fix you."

"Go on and call him," dared Jimmie, though he felt just a little bit afraid.

"Mocha!" cried Oolong. "Come on out, Mocha, and see who's here."

Mocha appeared in one of the dark doorways. He was little, too, and dark and cross.

"One of the milk drinkers," Mocha grinned sourly; seeing Betty, he added, "two of the milk drinkers!"

Both Oolong and Mocha started toward Jimmie, doubling up their fists and looking very fierce, for such small people. They fell upon him with all



"I CAN LICK TEA AND COFFEE DRINKERS"

their might and, although he tried to protect himself, he would have fared badly if Betty's cries had not brought help.

Out of a house down the street came running a pink-cheeked boy, who knocked Oolong and Mocha out of the way.

"Didn't know I had a friend on Drinking Street," Jimmie confessed.

"Oh, I'm Milk White," laughed the new boy. "The tea and coffee drinkers make fun of me, but I can lick them, as you see."

"Thank you!" said Betty politely.

"Thank you very much," said Jimmie politely, too. "I'd like to be as strong as you are."

"That's easy," cried Milk White gleefully. "Just drink lots of milk."

"But I don't like it," Jimmie objected, then added, "not very well, lately, I mean."

"Well, you can't come with me if you won't drink milk," Milk White said quietly. "Go on back and play with Oolong and Mocha."

"We don't want to!" the visitors replied. "They are so cross and mean!"





JIMMIE WAKED UP WHEN BETTY TICKLED HIM

“Well, you’d be cross and mean, too, if you had to drink what they do,” Milk White explained.

Jimmie and Betty walked along beside Milk White, stopping to look in the windows and alleys. Everywhere the tea drinkers had greenish-white faces, and the coffee drinkers were dark and sulky.

“This is the end of the street,” Milk White said suddenly, “right next to your kitchen.”

Before the surprised Jimmie could reply, Milk White had given him a playful shove. He stretched himself sleepily. The teakettle hummed, the cat purred, and he felt Betty tickle him with a broom-straw. He was back in his own home, where, luckily, milk was always served.



## The Tea and Coffee Drinkers

The scene on Drinking Street may be acted out with a great deal of excitement. Print the name DRINKING STREET on the board, or make a sign and tack it to a tree on the playground.

Our characters are:

Jimmie

Betty

Oolong

Mocha

Milk White.

Oolong would wear something of a yellowish-green color, would he not? Why? Mocha could wear something brown. Why? Milk White would be dressed in what color? I'm sure you'll have no trouble deciding.

Begin your little play with Jimmie's reading the sign. Then Betty joins him and they meet Oolong. Carry the story through just as it is given in the book. End it with Milk White saying, "This is the end of the street, right next to your kitchen."

Do you know the food value of milk?

## THE MAGIC IRON MEN

Jimmie rumped his hair, rubbed his eyes and began to stretch. Little sister Betty scowled so that her blue eyes looked like little shiny slits and her nose seemed smaller than ever.

"I'm tired," complained Jimmie, sitting down on the porch steps.

"I'm tired, too," offered Betty. "Let us go see the magic iron men. We promised them."

Jimmie rose slowly and took his sister's hand. They dragged one foot after the other and paused often to wipe away the tears that would come when they yawned widely.

At last, however, they reached the garden where the magic iron men were to be found. Of course there were other iron men in the world, but none that could help Jimmie and Betty so much as the little iron men who lived in the garden.

The two biggest iron men were swaying and laughing in the summer breeze when Jimmie and Betty appeared. It made the children happy just

to see so much gayety, for the iron men are always happy.

"Hello, Mister Oatmeal!" grinned the little boy.

"Hello, Lima Bean!" cried Betty, smiling.

At that Oatmeal and Lima Bean came running, with Navy Bean right on their heels. And Spinach and Potato joined them. Then good Whole Wheat smiled kindly and brought with him Prunes and Raisins.

"Climb over the fence and come right in!" invited Oatmeal, swinging his grayish-green cap low before them.

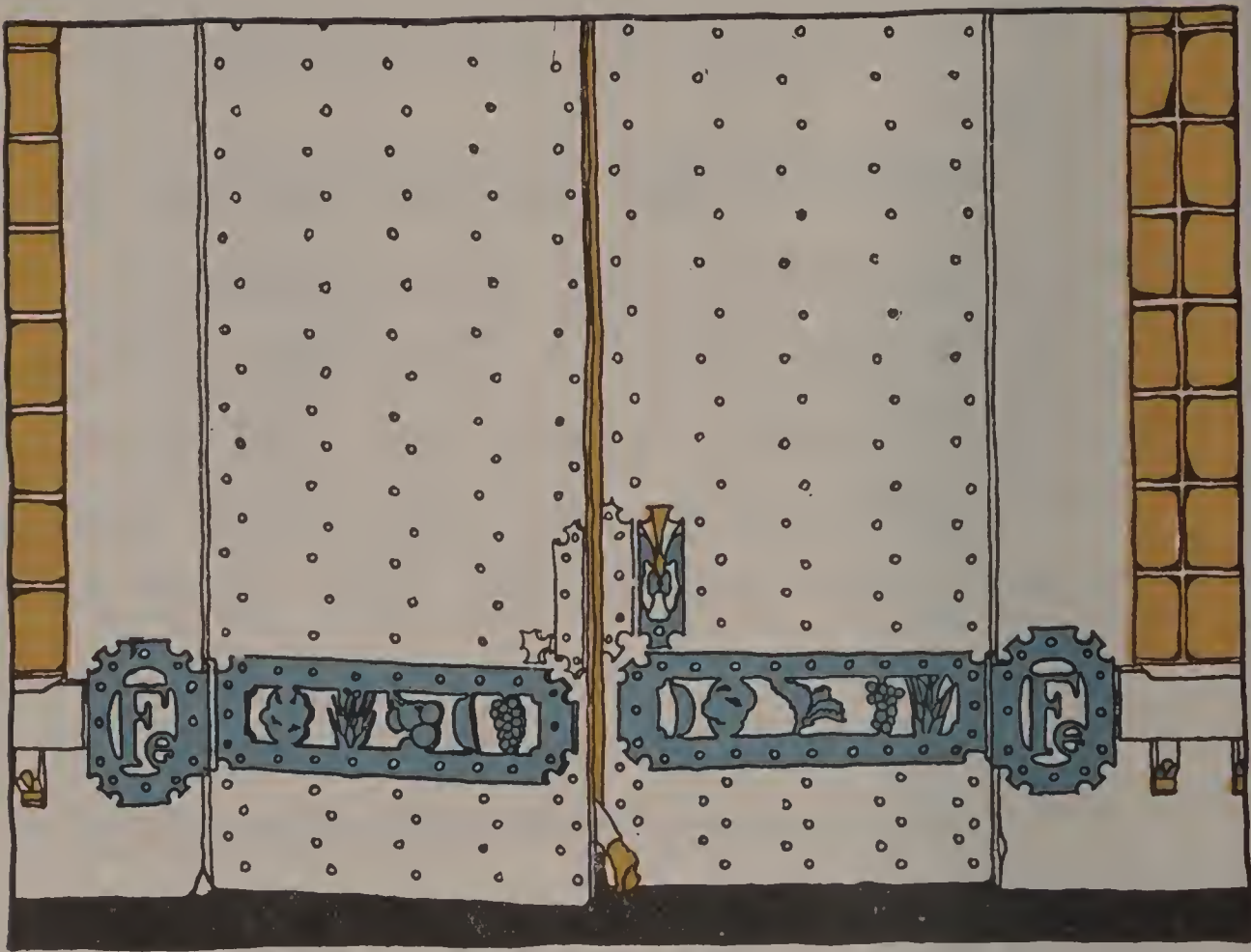
"They haven't enough pep," sneered Lima Bean.

"They have a lot to learn."

"We know we have," agreed the children. "That's why we came."

"Well, come on, then!"

Mister Oatmeal motioned them and Lima Bean gracefully followed, trailing her green chiffon over the warm, sweet earth. Spinach spread his great bulky sports coat about him and Potato trailed along in his snugly fitting, serviceable brown coat. Wheat was dainty, like a woman, with a stick-up



THEY MANAGED TO GET IN JUST BEFORE THE GREAT  
IRON DOORS CLOSED

in her hat, and the Prunes and Raisins, though wrinkled, moved along in sprightly fashion.

They were moving toward the foundry, a place where iron was tested. Did these foods contain iron?

Jimmie and Betty had a hard time keeping up. They managed to get into the foundry just before the great iron doors closed behind them. Now Jimmie and Betty had often visited the foundry



with their father, and had seen the red hot iron poured into moulds.

“We will show these children how valuable we are,” boasted Oatmeal. “Let the magic begin.”

Jimmie and Betty stared with wide eyes and held tightly to each other’s hands.

Oatmeal and Lima Bean began to glow, getting redder and redder every second, until they looked like glowing lamps. Old brown Potatoes turned a beautiful pink and so did the usually green Spinach. Even the Raisins and Prunes looked rosy and they all danced faster and faster until they seemed to run all together like a sunrise.

“Do you think they really have iron in them?” asked Betty.

“I know it!” retorted Jimmie. “And you should know it, too. They turned red in the foundry like real iron, just to show us, I suppose, that they had iron in them.”

So they ate some oatmeal and some spinach, and later on they had prunes and raisins instead of candy. And always they remembered the magic iron men.

## THE QUEER VITA-MINS

The Vita-Mins were a queer food family. In some strange way they were necessary both for health and growth. Jimmie and Betty had often heard that the Vita-Min mother scolded the cook because she allowed the miller to remove the brown coats from the wheat, the helper to peel the potatoes, or the housewife to throw away the water that the vegetables had been cooked in. The Vita-Min mother said they were destroying the good in the food, the part that was life itself. Sailors and explorers often came to her sick after long voyages. They grew strong and rosy again as soon as they were fed fresh fruits and leafy vegetables.

Jimmie and Betty had often longed to visit the home of the Vita-Mins. Finally one day they knocked at the door of the pleasant little cottage in the forest. Then they trembled, for they imagined that the Vita-Min mother was old and cross and disagreeable. Imagine their surprise, when the door swung open, to discover a young, beautiful



“WHY DO YOU STARE AT ME SO HARD?”  
ASKED THE VITA-MIN MOTHER

and lively woman with red cheeks and smiles that circled from her mouth so fast that it looked as though her whole face were smiling. Jimmie and Betty couldn't help smiling back and they followed her into the fragrant, clean house with happy hearts. On the kitchen table were crisp fresh greens.

“Why do you stare at me so hard?” the Vita-Min mother asked.

"Because you are so young and so healthy to look at," answered Betty honestly.

"And because you are so lively," added Jimmie. "We hoped you would tell us about yourself."

Jimmie wondered if she would think him bold, but she did not. She laughed a merry laugh that sounded like bells on Christmas eve.

"I have no secret," she said quietly. "I eat my food as nature created it. Dame Nature, you know, put little brown coats on the wheat, all full of rich minerals. And she added something magic to the potato skin. The orange and the apple will keep you well. And nuts are perfect foods, grown just for children like you. But more important still are the fresh foods. The fresh leaves of cabbage and lettuce are quite as magical as are bread and milk."

"Will we be like you if we do as you say?" asked Betty, wide-eyed.

"Of course you will," said the Vita-Min mother, nodding. "Vita means life in a very old language. If you have plenty of life, you will be lively."

Then she danced merrily about, drawing Jimmie





THERE IS MAGIC IN DAME NATURE'S FOODS

and Betty into some games. When they were tired of playing, the Vita-Min mother's eyes began to sparkle and she asked, "Would you like to see some magic?"

"Indeed we would," the children cried.

Their hostess took the brother and the little sister by the hand and led them into a big, airy room with many beds. The place looked like a hospital. It was a sort of one, only there were no medicines given.

"This little girl," said the Vita-Min mother, "cried all the time. She had lived far from gardens in a desert country. Now she is getting well on

tomatoes and other fresh foods. She takes cod liver oil, too."

"I am better," smiled the pale little girl.

"We have been giving her baked potatoes, fresh vegetables, whole-wheat bread with butter, and milk and fruit," said the Vita-Min mother.

"This little boy," cried the Vita-Min mother, pointing to a small child whose cheeks were just beginning to be pink, "was pale and tired. He had lived mostly on polished rice. I gave him a great many oranges and green vegetables and now he's almost well."

"That's the kind of medicine I'd like," cried Jimmie.

"That's what I'd like if I were sick," said Betty, and asked shyly, "could we see the magic now?"

"Yes," cried Jimmie, "you said you'd show us some magic. Where is it?"

The Vita-Min mother looked perplexed.

"Why, my dear children," she said, "that's just what I have been showing you. Isn't it magic when the life in the foods Dame Nature has given us cures us of our aches and our pains and our

tiredness? No one understands vitamins but we do know that they have power to build strong, fine bodies. Oh, I hope you're not too greatly disappointed."

"No," said Jimmie slowly, "we have had a very pleasant time."

"I think such magic is the very best sort of magic," Betty declared. "I'm glad I'm where I can enjoy seeing it work. Even if we don't know exactly what vitamins are, we know they keep us well and make us grow."

"Well," said Jimmie, "after this I am going to eat fresh vegetables and fruits and whole-wheat bread with fresh butter. And I am going to drink plenty of milk."

"So am I," agreed Betty. "And I am going to eat nuts, and baked potatoes with the skins on, too."

"Cabbage and lettuce," repeated Jimmie, "and greens of all kinds."

"And oranges and apples," added Betty. "She said these foods would keep us well."

## TOO MUCH STEAM

Jimmie and his little sister Betty were displeased because Mother would not allow them to eat cheese with their apple pudding. Nor would she give them money for an ice cream cone afterwards. It wasn't that they were hungry. Oh, no! They had enjoyed a perfectly delicious dinner. The reason they wanted the cheese and the ice cream was because they liked cheese and they liked ice cream.

"I know our doctor would think it was all right," Betty told her brother. "Mother thinks everything he says is correct."

"Let's go and ask him," Jimmie suggested.

In the quiet little back street the children soon found the old-fashioned house with the big, iron knocker. Jimmie lifted the knocker twice and let it fall, and Betty lifted it a third time. The knocker was so much fun that neither brother nor sister cared whether anyone came to the door or not.

But presently the big oak door swung slowly in, and there stood the doctor in his shabby, baggy



suit. His hair seemed grayer than ever, but his smile was just as kindly.

"Won't you come in?" he invited, stepping aside to let the brother and sister into the narrow hall.

"If we won't bother you," said Betty politely.

"We came," Jimmie cried, with eagerness, "to find out whether or not you think cheese and ice cream good foods."

"Certainly, they're good foods," replied the good doctor. "What made you think they weren't?"

"Mother said so," began Betty. Jimmie hurried to add, "She wouldn't give us cheese with our dessert, or ice cream afterwards."

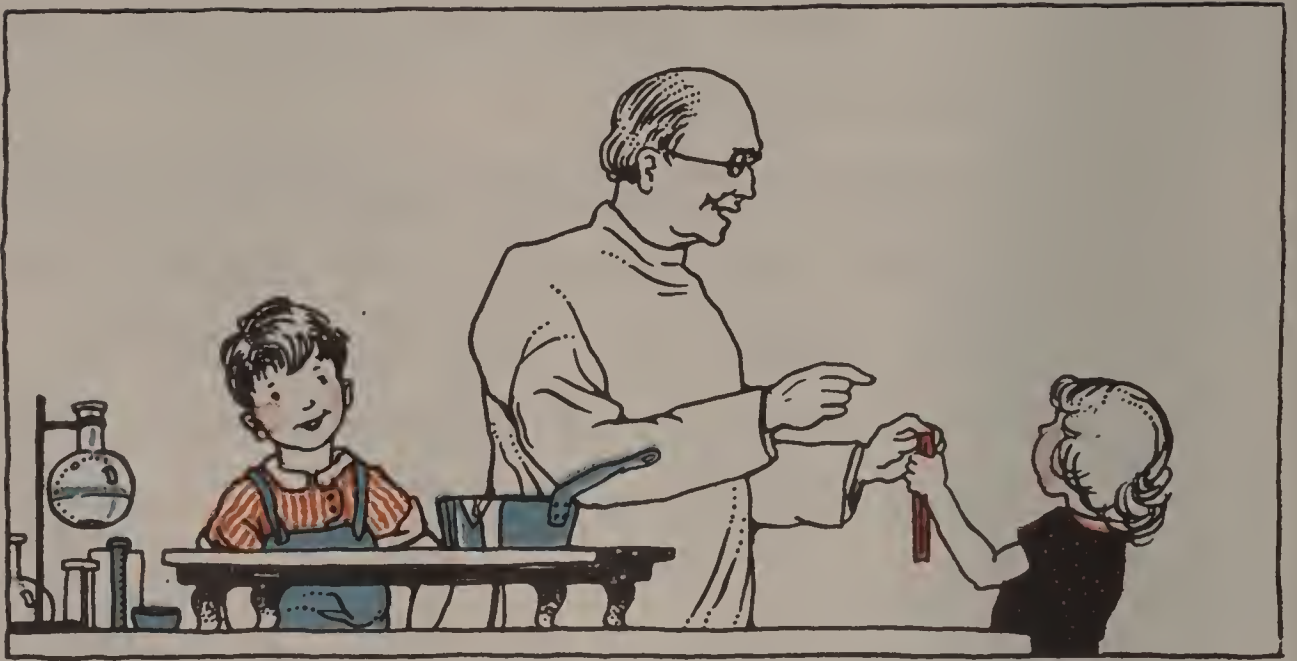
"What a cruel mother!" exclaimed the family doctor, but there was a twinkle in his eye. "I think I begin to see light."

"You'll tell Mother, won't you," Betty begged, "that cheese and ice cream are good for us?"

"She thinks everything you say is just right," Jimmie said earnestly.

"Well—" The doctor hesitated. Then he brightened.

"Tell you what we'll do," he whispered. "We'll



“YOU ARE TO TEST THE WATER,” SAID THE DOCTOR TO BETTY.

decide for ourselves. Then, if you still believe you ought to have cheese and ice cream, I’ll buy them for you myself. Come into my workroom.”

Jimmie and Betty followed at the good man’s heels and stood, one at each elbow, while he took out an electric stove, a thermometer and some pans and measuring-cups.

“Jimmie,” he instructed, “pour out a little water into this dish on the scales.”

Jimmie did as he was told, greatly interested.

The doctor set the pan containing the water on the stove and put the thermometer into Betty’s hands.

"You are to test that water, my dear," he said, "and tell us when it begins to get warm."

Betty's cheeks were pink with excitement, and Jimmie could hardly keep his hands off the utensils.

Finally Betty announced that the mercury was creeping up in the thermometer.

"Well, children," said the doctor, "that's what happens to the food you eat. It changes form."

"I know! Jimmie cried. "It becomes heat and energy."

"But what has that to do with cheese and ice cream?" demanded Betty.

"If you had eaten a good-sized piece of cheese," said the old doctor, "you would have taken on maybe more heat and energy than your body could easily carry."

"Some of the other foods we ate would make heat, too," said Jimmie.

"Most of them would," said the doctor. "Do you know that all our food except about one sixth, is used to make heat?"

"Oh!" cried Betty. "What does the rest do?"

"The rest makes you grow and repairs worn out parts. It keeps your muscles and organs working."

"Would cheese make us as warm as corn meal?" asked Jimmie.

The doctor smiled. "I am glad you asked about that," he said. It depends upon the number of *calories* in each kind of food."

"Calories?" Jimmie and Betty both looked up at the doctor.

"Calories means heat," said the doctor. "The calorie is the unit of measure of heat. We can measure the amount of heat or energy given by different foods, in calories, just as we measure weight in pounds."

"How much heat is a calorie?" asked Jimmie.

"A calorie is about the amount of heat needed to make a half teaspoonful of water one degree warmer," said the doctor.

"Would ice cream make us warm?" It was Betty who asked.

"The calories in the ice cream would make heat in your bodies," said the doctor. "Cheese has even more calories for its bulk."



"I'd like to have that much strength," Jimmie grinned, as he doubled up his fists.

"You couldn't digest the cheese to get the energy out of it," the doctor cried. "Too much steam blows things up instead of making them go."

"When I get big," Jimmie boasted, "I'll eat all sorts of things."

"If you were a Lumber Jack," said the doctor, smiling, "you could eat beans and pork, because you could work off the steam."

"Well, that's what I'm going to be," laughed Jimmie.

"I'd like to be one, too," Betty said, smiling. "I like bean-hole beans."

"Mother had the right idea after all," Jimmie said thoughtfully. "If we had eaten cheese and ice cream on top of our dinner, we'd have added hundreds of calories to those we already had."

"Which would have been several hundred calories too much," Betty agreed. "It would have been hard to use them."

"We'd have had too much steam—just like an engine," Jimmie declared.

## The Doctor

To understand this story, suppose you act out the scene at the doctor's. There are just three characters:

Jimmie

Betty

The Doctor.

You will need a little stove, some scales, a thermometer and a dish. Of course you can make believe you have these things, or perhaps some little girl could bring her toy stove to school. Ask your teacher about the thermometer and also the scales.

Be sure to choose a bright little boy to play the part of the doctor, one who can remember about the foods that make heat in our bodies.

Use the words of the story to carry out the action. Study the picture in the book.

Now, why wouldn't the children's mother let them eat cheese and ice cream after they had had their dinner?

Do you use up calories more quickly when running or sitting?

## THE VEGETABLE RIVALS

When Jimmie and Betty won prizes as perfectly healthy children, they had no idea of the trouble they were going to cause among the vegetable family. As soon as the summer breeze had wafted the news to the garden, there was a mighty rustling and stirring among the friends of the two children.

Jimmie and Betty came bounding along after school, almost falling over the delicate little lettuces and bumping against the tall cornstalks who slapped at them with their long, strong fingers.

“You needn’t all fuss so,” scolded Jimmie. “We’re going to have a parade and let you march in it. Then everybody will understand how much the vegetables did to make us win.”

“We are so happy,” cried Betty, dancing gayly, “and we also know that you deserve most of the credit.”

“Who’s going to lead the parade?” asked the corn that Jimmie had run into. “I’m certain I am the one who should do it. I helped keep you warm all

winter, besides giving you the roughage they're always talking about nowadays."

"You!" scoffed the potato, his eyes almost sprouting out in his anger. "You! Why should you lead the parade when *I* help out with the dinner every day in the year? I give them starch for energy and mineral salts for health and, as for roughage, every one knows that there is no better rough stuff than my coat."

The red tomato heard and turned redder in the sun.

"Oh, ho!" cried the tomato. "So that's it. Just because you're bigger, trying to steal *my* glory! Don't *I* provide vitamins? I'm high class now. Even the family doctors advise me for babies. I'm delicious anyway, even when I'm stewed."

"Oh, please don't quarrel," begged Jimmie.

"Who's quarreling?" cried the spinach as she flounced about. "I guess you'd have a hard time without me, helping you get rid of the poisons in your bodies and giving you iron besides."

"Iron!" cried the lima beans, and the trellis fairly shook as they waved their pods. "Who's talking





## THE POTATO INSISTS ON LEADING THE PARADE

about iron? We're the richest in iron of anybody."

"Every single one of you has helped," Betty cried, "but you mustn't spoil it all by quarreling."

"That's all very well," cried the celery, pale and proud, as she flaunted her greenish-yellow parasol, "but I should think credit might fall where it is due. What would the holidays be without me? And I keep children's nerves in good condition."

The delicate little lettuce interrupted.

"Nerves!" she cried. "Nerves! When it comes to quieting a child, I have the Sandman beaten a long way. Besides, I provide mineral salts, too, and I'm very refreshing, if I do say it myself."

"Refreshing!" came a cool voice from the garden. "Refreshing is my first, last and middle name, even if you do call me a cucumber. Besides, I'm wonderful at house-cleaning, simply wonderful!"

"I never heard such bragging," snapped the onion, dabbing herself with her favorite perfume. "I help to clean house, too. Besides, I purify the blood, and I flavor a lot of other vegetables that wouldn't be nearly so good without me."

A fat young cabbage kept his place and only smiled.

"I believe I can solve the problem," he said slowly. "Most of you sound like patent-medicine doctors, or almanacs."

"Well, what would you advise?" asked Jimmie.

"Oh, please think of something," begged Betty.

"I will," the cabbage promised. "I keep you from having to take sulphur in the spring. Why not choose *me* to head the parade?"

"Why, you're not any more help than the others," Betty declared.

Jimmie spoke up sternly, yet he wasn't really angry, either.

"We won't have a parade," he announced.

"A good idea, Jimmie," agreed Betty, much relieved.

"I've come to the conclusion," said Jimmie, "that you've all done your shares."

"And we couldn't get along without any of you," Betty added.

"Well," said the fat cabbage, "this garden's good enough for me. I never did care much about these agricultural parades."

For the first time all the vegetables agreed.

"But, of course," said the cabbage, "if there *should* be a parade later, I naturally would lead. All of you have always called me a cabbage head. Then why should I not *head* the parade?"

"You *are* a cabbage head!" scoffed Jimmie.

"You certainly *are*!" agreed Betty.



## The Contest

Now we are to have a contest. Each child who enters the contest must choose a different vegetable. Jimmie and Betty will be judges.

We shall have a very interesting debate. Do you know what a debate is? It is arguing to see which or what is best.

Each vegetable will be given one minute in which to tell why it is most important. It would be interesting if you could bring to school the vegetable you chose.

The one who gives the best reasons for using the vegetable wins the contest and may head the parade which will form after the debate.

Here are some of the vegetables that you may choose:

Corn	Spinach	Cucumbers
Potatoes	Lima Beans	Onions
Tomatoes	Celery	Cabbage.

You may use the reasons given in the book, of course. And I feel sure that you will be able to add some of your own.



## THE HEALTH CRUSADE

Jimmie and Betty had obeyed the health rules, going to bed early and rising early, taking baths and exercise, and eating the right foods. Their reward had come when the doctor said they were one hundred per cent healthy children. They had won prizes in school and in the community drive.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the doctor, his eyes twinkling.

"Do about it?" both children asked in amazement. "Do about what?"

"About this health business," said the doctor. "You don't mean to tell me that you're not going to make any use of all you've learned. I'd be a fine doctor, wouldn't I, if I just kept myself well? Aren't you going to help any one else?"

"I'd like to," faltered Betty doubtfully, "but I wouldn't know how to start."

"Most kids eat what they want to, anyway," said Jimmie. "They wouldn't listen to us telling them to eat spinach."

The doctor laughed heartily.

"Ever hear of the Crusaders?" asked the doctor at last, becoming quite solemn.

"Yes," both brother and sister nodded.

"They went for the Holy Grail," said Betty.

"Yes," said Jimmie. "What's religion got to do with health?"

"A lot," answered the doctor firmly. "You can't be good-natured and happy when you're sick. What I want to suggest for your neighborhood is a Health Crusade."

"A Health Crusade?" cried Jimmie and Betty together.

"Yes," said the Doctor. "Exactly. Form a Health Crusade and take a hike every day or so during the summer. Any one can belong who obeys the rules. The Knights and Ladies could keep their ranks only by keeping the rules."

"Fine!" cried Jimmie, and Betty clapped her hands.

The two children ran home in the highest spirits and soon had called together all the children of the neighborhood. They all agreed to the rules, ten



“I WOULD SUGGEST A HEALTH CRUSADE”

in number. Each member of the Crusade had to swear to all the rules every day. When the Doctor saw them posted on the barn door, he said they were very good rules.

1. I go to bed at seven o'clock and rise at seven.
2. I drink four glasses of water a day.
3. I take a bath with warm water and soap twice a week.



4. I eat my iron in the form of lima beans, cereals, raisins, prunes, and other fruits.
5. I drink milk every day, but no tea or coffee.
6. I eat whole-wheat bread with butter.
7. I have my sweets in the form of raisins, dates, maple sugar or honey.
8. I eat fresh vegetables.
9. I chew my food well and brush my teeth.
10. I do my work and play my games with a smile.

It wasn't long before the entire neighborhood was interested and the number of Knights and Ladies grew to a large list. The hikes and picnics were great fun, and it seemed as though the vacation days flew by on wings.

In spite of the Health Crusade, a few of the little boys and girls did not gain as they should. The doctor lent his scales, and each week the Crusaders went down to the office to be weighed.

"Have the good Crusaders any way of checking up on the poor Crusaders?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir," said Jimmie. "We haven't. In fact, we decided not to check up. Everybody has to do his





## THEIR HIKES WERE GREAT FUN

own marking. We can't go to every house every day to see who drinks milk and who doesn't. The ones who don't obey the rules are cheating themselves. They certainly aren't cheating us."

"Then how do you decide who is to belong?" asked the doctor.

"By results," said Jimmie promptly. "A Crusader has to be clean. He has to pass endurance tests. He has to show improvement."

“Sometimes,” said Betty, “some of the children think they are fooling us. But some one nearly always tells, or they get ashamed and admit that they haven’t followed the rules. We always give them another chance.”

“Getting a lot of fun out of it, aren’t you?” asked the doctor, as he surveyed the bright, pink-cheeked children before him.

“Yes, we are,” they agreed, one and all.

That’s how Jimmie and Betty gained happiness as well as health. For health is a matter of rules, and happiness comes with service—passing what you know along to the next one.

## What Can We Do?

Who were the Crusaders?

What can we do to be Health Crusaders?

Which one of the rules is about rest?

Which ones have to do with cleanliness?

Do you remember the two that tell what and how much children ought to drink every day?

There are four rules about foods. What kinds of foods do these rules mention?

Is the rule about work and play important?

Do boys and girls need both work and play to live the right way?

What has the smile to do with health?

Do you think healthy children are good-natured as a rule?

Have you known children who were cross when they did not feel well?

Are the ten rules easy to remember? They are like the vows that the Knights took when they became true Knights.

Are you a Knight or a Lady in the big Health Crusade? If you are, I am certain that you're a very healthy, happy and agreeable child.



## ABOUT THE BOOK

HAPPY HEALTH STORIES is planned for use in fourth grade classes to supplement the work of the teacher in outlining the high points of the health program. It stresses the relation of the balanced diet and health practices to growth, physical vigor and mental development.

The logic of teaching health facts in simple stories of child life is apparent when we recall that each theme of the health regimen involves naturally the social side of life. Glimpses of home and school life, suggestions from the classroom, and happenings on the playground enliven the presentation of factual material. Humorous slants and fanciful touches at intervals appeal to the child's love of entertainment.

Where explanation of elements of nutrition require use of certain words for which there is no substitute, simple detailed definition and explanation do away with the sense of difficulty associated with the learning of technical terms.

The little stories stress the importance of wholesome food, showing the value of milk and fresh fruits and vegetables by explaining the nutritive properties of the several types of foods and their usefulness for the purposes of body building.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 526 229 9